Vol. CXL. No. 1820.

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The BYSTANDER

"Old Bill"—by Bruce Bairnsfather

Stage : Films : Sport : Society : Story

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 2—November 8

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.—A new comedy of flat-life with Barrie Livesey: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The Old Vic company in a Guthrie modern-dress production; Alec Guinness as the Prince: Old Vic, 7.15 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 1.45.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

A PARTY FOR CHRISTMAS.—Milton Rosmer and Sydney Fairbrother head the cast in a light-hearted comedy: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT.—Richard Bird leads in Paul Dornhurst's new play: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *souffle* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by Frank Pettingell, Helena Pickard: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WHITE GUARD.—How the last poor remains of Tsarism are submerged in the Red waves; exciting, tragic; Peggy Ashcroft, George Devine, Marius Goring: Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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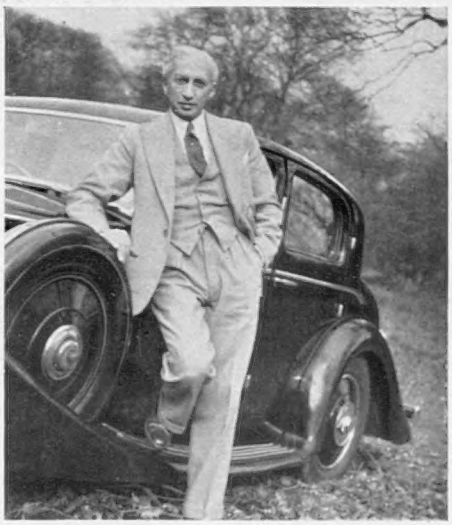
AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. III.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.



Lef Pouishnoff

The Russian pianist, now a naturalised Briton, is giving a series of recitals at the Wigmore Hall. Beethoven and Bach evenings were last month, a Schumann recital is to-morrow night, Liszt and Chopin follow

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA.—Elizabeth and Katriona Sprigge's play about the Hungarian Empress has Wanda Rotha in the name-part, Richard Ainley and Gyles Isham: Haymarket, Thurs., 3rd.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, Thurs., 3rd.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (American).—Errol Flynn is just the man for Robin, Basil Rathbone is the wicked Sir Guy, Olivia de Havilland is Marian, in Warner's super-pseudo-English historical: Warner.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (American).—This picture tells how a young violinist rises to fame in swing music: thirty songs by Irving Berlin incorporated: Regal.

CAREFREE (American).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are back together again in a carefree plot and setting: New Gallery.

FLASHBACKS.—Cochran has assembled a priceless selection of antique films: Palace Theatre.

IF I WERE KING (American).—Colman gives a subtle performance as Villon, Basil Rathbone as the shuffling Louis: Plaza.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant mistress of Alexander II. of Russia; a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (American).—A grandiose Hollywoodian Versailles is the setting for Norma Shearer's unhappy Queen; Tyrone Power, Robert Morley: Empire.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes, and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

ST. MARTIN'S LANE (British).—Charles Laughton is a theatre busker, Vivien Leigh a guttersnipe who becomes a stage star, in this very English film: Carlton.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS (British).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook repeat their parts of *Victoria the Great* in Herbert Wilcox's re-made historical: Odeon.

THE STRANGE MONSIEUR VICTOR (French).—Raimu and Pierre Blanchar in a film of excellent atmosphere—the Midi—and slow-moving development aided by good acting: Curzon.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—Kaufman and Hart's Pulitzer prize play makes this film: Gaumont.

ZAUBER DER BOHEME (Austrian).—Jan Kiepura and Martha Eggerth play Rudolpho and Mimi in a film which does justice to Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

TANNHÄUSER.—To-night, 2nd, 7.45.

WEDDING BOUQUET, APPARITIONS, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 3rd, 8.30.

AIDA.—Fri., 4th, 7.45.

FAUST (with ballet).—Sat., 5th, 2.30.

TANNHÄUSER.—Sat., 5th, 7.45.

DON GIOVANNI.—Tues., 8th, 7.45.

MUSIC

Recitals and Chamber Music

POUISHNOFF.—Schumann recital: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 3rd, 8.30.

MENGES QUARTET.—Beethoven's Op. 59, No. 2; Op. 18, No. 2; Op. 127: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 4th, 8.15.

MARIAN ANDERSON.—The coloured contralto's only appearance: Queen's Hall, Fri., 4th, 8.30.

PRAGUE STRING QUARTET.—Works by Suk, Smetana, Mozart, Dvorak: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 5th, 3.

MOISEIWITSCH.—Palladium, Sun., 6th, 3.15.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts in Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G, Beethoven's Emperor Concerto (Schnabel), and Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 2nd, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Eugene Goossens conducts, Leon Goossens is soloist, in a Goossens, Haydn, Debussy, Beethoven, Moussorgsky programme: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 3rd, 8.15.

SIBELIUS FESTIVAL.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in the fourth of this series; "Pohjola's Daughter," "Luonnotar" (Eva Turner), "Tempest" music, "Tapiola," 5th Symphony: Queen's Hall, Sat., 5th, 3.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Anthony Collins conducts in a Brahms, Wolf, Mozart, Michael Haydn programme; also Handel's 11th Organ Concerto (Thalben-Ball): Queen's Hall, Mon., 7th, and Tues., 8th, 8.15.

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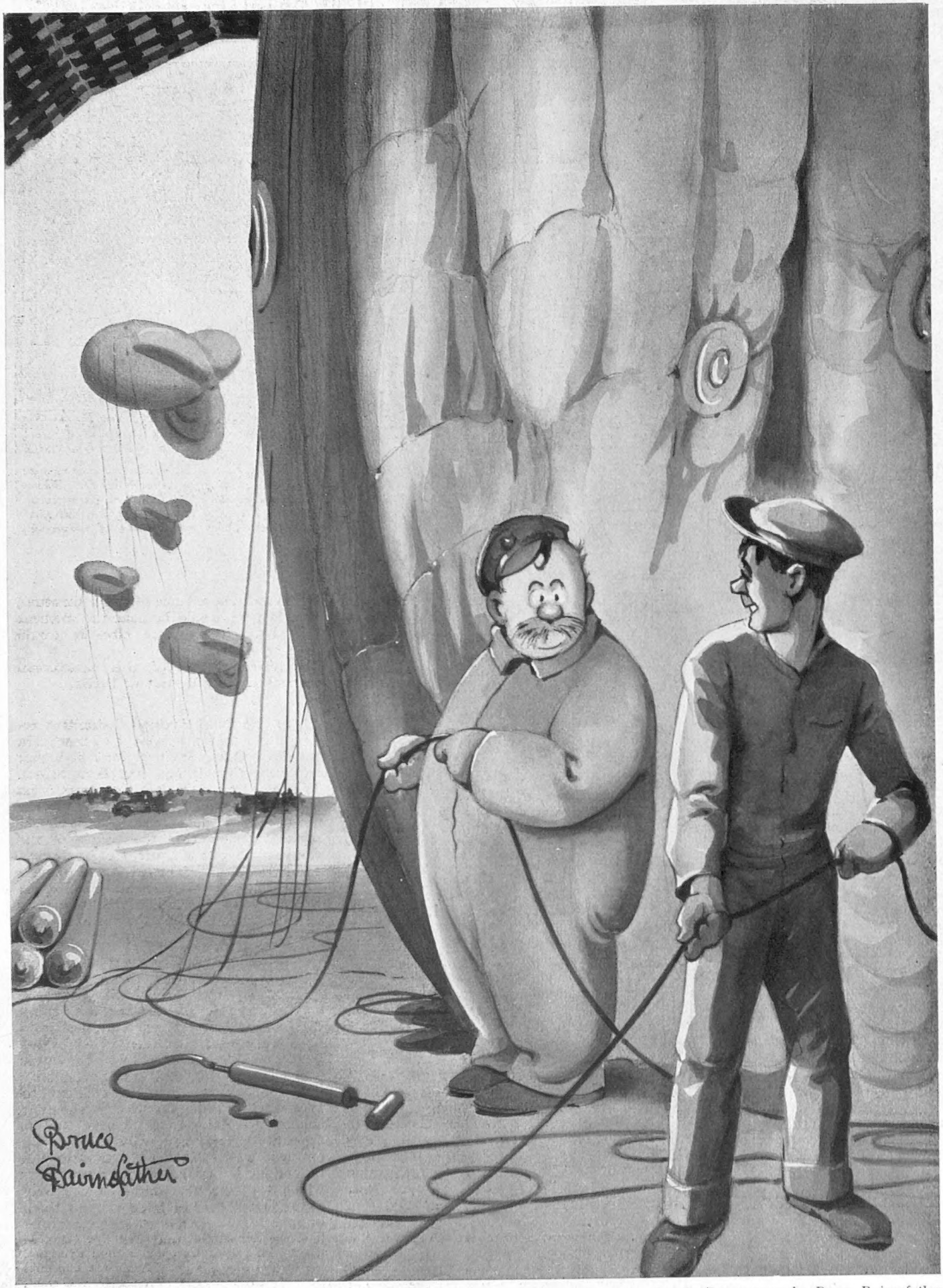
The Bystander

Raymond

Danielle Darrieux is back in a "Mayerling" Mood

Katia, which opens to-morrow at the Academy, cannot escape comparison with *Mayerling*. Danielle Darrieux again plays a well-born girl who gets mixed up with one of Europe's doomed dynasties. Again we see her radiant and pensive in charming little blouses like this one. Again the film ends with sorrow and an act of violence. Her part is Princess Catherine Dolgorouky, tender, exuberant, liberal-minded aristocrat who was the morganatic wife of Alexander II. of Russia, and who was to be crowned Czarina when a bomb ended Alexander's life (1881). John Loder plays the Czar, Maurice Tourneur directed, André Algazy produced, the film is adapted from Princess Marthe Bibesco's *Démon Bleu*. From Paris come enthusiastic accounts of *Katia*, especially of Darrieux' acting. She, meanwhile, sailed back to Hollywood last month to continue her Universal programme

"Old Bill" and the Barrage



Specially drawn for the BYSTANDER *by Bruce Bairnsfather*

"What d' yer mean, 'What time do I go up'?"

The Duke of Kent's first job after the public announcement of his appointment to the Australian Governor-Generalship was to meet the teams and watch the match of England v. the Rest of Europe, in which our 3—0 win was a welcome prop to English prestige; here H.R.H. is with Eddie Hapgood, the England captain

The Duchess of Kent meanwhile was at Chichester, visiting the Royal West Sussex Hospital and receiving purses on its behalf. When she and the Duke are in Australia, where they will find Government House, Canberra, not unlike their country home at Coppins, this sort of work will be doubled for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE international focus which goes whizzing round Europe with bewildering rapidity is for the moment centred upon a country which, six months ago, hardly anyone had ever heard of. Ruthenia is now the news. This little country has for the last twenty years formed the tail of Czechoslovakia. It lies under the Carpathian Mountains, that superb rampart of snow and rock (which is famous for providing me with my first experience of ski-ing), and hitherto it has been bounded by Poland, Roumania and Hungary. Now Hungary is desperately anxious to pinch Ruthenia. The situation is incredibly intricate, and, as I have repeatedly pointed out in these pages, it ought to be a primary concern of this country now that Mr. Chamberlain has "guaranteed" the frontiers of Czechoslovakia.

RUTHENIA is a minority in Czechoslovakia. There are five separate minorities inside Ruthenia—Czechs, Jews, Hungarians, Germans and Ukrainians. There are, therefore, six separate languages and at least four separate religions in this small country. But the problem is not only ethnological and religious. Terrific political intrigues are going on as well. In particular, Hungary is trying to establish a common frontier with Poland, and Germany is reported to be toying with the idea of forming a Ukrainian State which, after a lot of neat propaganda, might break away from Czechoslovakia. This would then pave the way for a German agitation for a Ukrainian State in the Ukraine itself. It is all very baffling.

KING CAROL OF ROUMANIA is coming to London, and his visit is of great significance. King Carol is extremely pro-British; he is virtually the head of his country; his country possesses vital oil-wells; Field-Marshal Goering is building millions of aeroplanes which will be practically useless without Roumania's oil. Therefore, it may be said truly that King Carol is in a key position.

IN these pages on October 12th I wrote about the rumour that Herr Hitler had presented what practically amounted to an ultimatum to the President of Lithuania. I said that the rumour was unconfirmed, but further details have just arrived from Kovno, the Lithuanian capital. According to this message, Herr Hitler proposes to sign a non-aggression pact with Lithuania for fifteen years on condition that Lithuania gives up her pact with the U.S.S.R., abandons her trade treaty with Great Britain, and trades exclusively with Germany, and converts Memel into a free city and a free port. The essence of this ultimatum, if it is true, would be that the moment Memel became a free city, it would become a Nazi city.

Vigorous denials of this sensational rumour are pouring out of Berlin.

THE National Savings Committee reports that the amount of money in the Post Office Savings Bank is higher this year than it has ever been before. The increase on the last two years is no less than £350,000,000. This is a most extraordinary phenomenon, and almost seems to show that the people of the country do not despair for its future. In these days of dark crises and gloomy forebodings I wonder if any other country in the world is saving its money to such an extent for the future.

THE Minister of Transport, Mr. Leslie Burgin, is not a patch upon his predecessor, the Beacon King, in the matter of publicity. All Mr. Burgin has done so far is to get photographed once on a lorry, and once surrounded by his family on skis in Switzerland. His latest idea seems to my mind to be particularly inane. He has given to children in Wembley "walking licences" of different colours according to their ages, and it appears that if they walk dangerously on their way to school the licences will be endorsed. If this means anything—which I very much doubt—it can only mean that sooner or later some of these unfortunate children will have their licences suspended and will not be able to go to school at all. I should think this will happen to every child in Wembley in about forty-eight hours if they have got any sense.

***Mme. Benes** was caught by lurking photographers when she took her first walk in Putney last week. She and Dr. Eduard Benes are staying with his niece, Bohus Benes, in Gwendolen Avenue, while he recovers from our peace with honour. Mrs. Bohus Benes (right) is with her aunt here*

THE Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham has issued its annual report. This is one of the most interesting experiments in public health that has ever been undertaken. The theory underlying its work is that prevention is better than cure, and so it takes whole families of poor people living in a highly crowded industrial area and gives them a medical overhaul at regular intervals. In this way it gets hold of diseases before the diseases have got hold of people. The experience of the centre is that in almost every case a patient who is cured of a small malady remains cured, and a patient who is suffering from a major malady gets a certain amount of relief, and the relief remains. The Pioneer Health Centre is in need of funds, and anyone who wishes to do a really constructive deed this winter might well send them a guinea. It will be a guinea well spent.

ONE advantage of being a dictator and at the same time an author is that you can regulate the sales of your books. *Mein Kampf* is an all-time world's record as a seller, in fact its author built on its proceeds the mountain châlet at Berchtesgaden where he received our peace-making Prime Minister; now the Reich Chamber of Literature have issued instructions that second-hand copies must not be sold.

MARSEILLES has produced an admirable joke. The town wanted forty new police inspectors. They held an examination. A party of gangsters solemnly turned up, sat for the examination, and all passed with flying colours. In fact, they headed the list and would now be full-blown gendarmes if it hadn't been that a rival gang got cross and gave the game away. Sir Hubert Murray, brother of Dr. Gilbert Murray, and Governor for many years of Papua, cleaned up the murder racket of his territory by forcing the murderers to become policemen. But what works in Papua might not necessarily go for Marseilles.

THERE was a terrible war in Europe in the seventeenth century called the Thirty Years' War. It is generally admitted by historians to have reduced Europe to the lowest depths of savagery since Charlemagne brought the Dark Ages to an end. But this generation is not so far behind Tilly and Pappenheim. Thirty Jewish refugees have been expelled from Zone Five of the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, and are not allowed to enter what is left of Czechoslovakia. They have been cut off from food and water by both Czechs and Germans. Provisions sent to them by the Jewish community at Brno are not allowed to reach them. Two girls, aged about eighteen, are lying in November in the open air with pneumonia, and there is no chance for either of them to get medical treatment. When Tilly sacked Magdeburg he did it at least sincerely and honestly. He said he would destroy it, and he destroyed it. But to pretend that Europe is civilised to-day is nauseating hypocrisy.

THE National Theatre Committee has issued a little book giving their plans for the future. When the theatre is built (and it requires another £92,000) it will have a permanent company of twenty-five to thirty players, and it will have a director with dictatorial powers. This is the only way in which to run a theatre. No one dislikes totalitarianism in world politics more than I do, but theatre politics are something different. Nine plays are to be done each year: three classics, three new and original plays, and three famous plays of the past which are no longer in production but have not yet attained the status of the classics. Although the theatre is to be called "National," it is not in any sense of the word nationalised. That is to say, for once in a while the taxpayer will not be footing the bill.

THE *Times* is devoting quite a lot of its valuable space to the all-important and intricate problem of what exactly is the noise made by a badger. Some say it shrieks, and some say it yells. I think, on the whole, that the *Times* is right to concentrate upon such questions and not to bother its head with weightier matters.

THE best under-statement of the week comes from the *Evening Standard*. It is reported from Paris that an illuminated purse has been put on the market as a novelty of the season and is being sold in thousands. There is a tiny battery and a tiny bulb hidden away in the purse. The *Standard's* guarded comment is that "they are said to be particularly useful at night."

ON the other hand, the prize for irrelevance goes to a gentleman who wrote on the subject of one-club golf to the *Sunday Times*: "At I think the third hole one drove (if the luck was in) across the River Molongolo, the most musical name on the map of Australia. One day I nearly hit a platypus."

***Oxford city** failed to respond to the example set by its university in returning independent members of Parliament, even when the Independent Progressive candidate was the Master of Balliol and ex-Vice-Chancellor, Mr. A. D. Lindsay. Mr. Quintin Hogg, barrister heir of Lord Hailsham, beat Mr. Lindsay by 3434 votes on a clear Government appeal, saying modestly afterwards: "It is not my victory, it is Mr. Chamberlain's." Here he wears an immodest favour, compared to Mr. Lindsay's untidy wildflower. It was the fifty-second by-election since the last General*

***Earl Stanhope's** appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty was announced last week, after weighty and lengthy consideration by the powers. Although Lord Stanhope was a Grenadier Guardsman, like his predecessor (both won D.S.O.s), he was a Civil Lord of the Admiralty from 1924-29 and made a good impression then on the sailors*

Iron Gates for Earl Baldwin at a Dinner: Here Mr. Kennedy Watches the Famous Pipe Lit

Presentations

The Worcestershire Association presented their president, Earl Baldwin, with wrought-iron gates for his home, Astley Hall, at their annual dinner last week. Lord Baldwin came to the Dorchester with lumbago, but made up for that "with the quality of my head," as he said in a typically friendly and expressive speech. The American Ambassador sat on his right, and answered the toast "Our Guests" with wit and appreciation

Gracie Fields has been made a life governor of the London Hospital in Whitechapel. The certificate to say so was presented to her by Sir William Goschen, who has been Chairman of the Hospital since 1931. A day or two later she returned the compliment by singing for the Hospital at the Albert Hall. She was the star of the grand variety concert, at which Queen Mary was present, in aid of its bicentenary appeal

Life Governorship for Gracie Fields: Here Sir William Goschen Gives Her the Certificate

"Marie Antoinette" at the Empire

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Hollywood's richest film corporation, threw all its resources into making *Marie Antoinette*, whose British premiere was at the Empire last Thursday. Claudine West, the scenarist, has based her characterisation of Marie on Stefan Zweig's biography. The result is a sympathetic portrayal of Empress Maria Theresa's sixteenth child who in her early teens was married into the doomed Bourbons as a diplomatic defiance to Frederick of Prussia. The "tell them to eat cake" episode is suppressed, and Norma Shearer as Marie portrays first a frightened girl thrown into the magnificent Versailles of elegant Artois, crafty Orleans and spiteful du Barry; then a woman determined to bring warmth and gaiety into a life that drowns in a revolution she has helped through no fault of her own

***1. Count Axel de Fersen** is played by Tyrone Power, and the Swedish nobleman's place in history has been exaggerated by M.-G.-M. to play up the love interest and to give its young star a good part. Said to have fought a duel a day at Versailles, Fersen not only harried the French nobility, but was guilty of lèse-majesté, bringing true love into the lonely Marie's life*

***3. In the Convention** all talk wildly and at once, and eventually follow the English example in condemning their King to death, the traitor Orleans (Philippe Egalité) giving the casting vote. M.-G.-M. spent 1,800,000 dollars on 98 sets on this scale, including a Versailles ballroom several feet longer than the original, on 152 speaking parts, 5000 wigs, and so on, and were pleasantly surprised at the "economy," crediting quickfire director Woody Van Dyke, who shot "Marie Antoinette" in sixty-seven days (fifty more than he took for "The Thin Man")*

***2. The revolution** bursts onto the petty intrigues of st the clod-like but goodhearted Louis XVI. and his young que Robert Morley (author of the comedy at the Vaudeville); h Guards on to the mob. Behind, Princesse de Lamballe (An*

*4. **Marie Antoinette** passed her last days in the prison, La Conciergerie (right), her husband beheaded, her son torn from her, herself doomed to the guillotine, for even the great M.-G.-M. corporation cannot alter the course of history, though Fersen (Tyrone Power) makes a last attempt at rescue in the film. Norma Shearer, M.-G.-M.'s first lady and one-time biggest stockholder, has not appeared on the screen until now since the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg*

and love at Versailles, and does something to unite Louis is excellently played by the London actor, he ponders and decides against turning his Swiss Louise) comforts Marie and her son, the Dauphin

Social Register

FIVE WEDDINGS

Miss Fraser-Luckie and Mr. Villiers

Alastair Edward Hyde Villiers, of 11, Hyde Park Square, W.2, son of Col. and Lady Victoria Villiers, of Folly Court, Wokingham, Berks., and Gaudencia Ysabel Fraser-Luckie, of 3, Trevor Place, S.W.7, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place, and are having a Madeira honeymoon

Sir John Wittewronge and Miss Naomi Badnall

Sir John Lawes-Wittewronge, of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Blue Nile Province, married Naomi Constance Helen Badnall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lancelot Badnall, of 17, Irvine Court, Porchester Terrace, W.2, at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. He is the fourth baronet, has a six-year-old son by his first marriage

Mr. Geoffrey Cross-

Geoffrey Danvers Sta
Mr. Justice Crossma
Hill House, Esse
daughter of Lt.-Col. an
Mill House, Waltha
Waltham Abbey, an

The Hon. Arthur Stamp and Miss Janet Bryan

Arthur Maxwell Stamp is the third son of Lord and Lady Stamp, of Tantallon, Shortlands, Kent. Janet Tyler Bryan is the only daughter of B. Tyler Bryan, of Beaumont, Texas, and Mrs. R. G. L. Morgan, of the Weald House, Burwash, Sussex. They were married in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and have gone touring on the Continent for their honeymoon

Mr. Max Brandenstein and the Hon. Signe Gully

Maximilian Ludwig Brandenstein, younger son of Herr and Frau Ludwig Brandenstein, of Munich, and Signe Evelyn Gully, were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is the eldest of the three sisters of Viscount Selby. Her engagement was announced over a year ago

man and Miss Estelle Davidson

ford Crossman is the eldest son of and Lady Crossman, of Buckhurst Estelle Carol Davidson is the younger Mrs. C. G. F. Davidson, of Powder Abbey, Essex. They were married at went to Venice for their honeymoon

HOME-COMING

The Earl and Countess of Carrick

Lord and Lady Carrick were married in America, and arrived in England in the Queen Mary last week. Lady Carrick was Mrs. Margaret Power Drum, of Montana. A few days before, the first Countess of Carrick, who was also American, had married Lord Chesham

A DOUBLE CHRISTENING

Diarmid Guinness and David Wolton

Diarmid Edward Guinness is the son of the Hon. Bryan and Mrs. Guinness. David Alexander Wolton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Wolton. Holding them after their double christening are their mothers who are sisters, daughters of the late Thomas Nelson, of Achnaclough, Argyll. Between them is little Sarah Wolton

Miss Vivien Leigh, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Mr. Cecil Beaton

INK SLINGERS' BOOK PARTY

Cecil Beaton's book, "New York," was launched by a party at Batsford Gallery. It was called an "ink slingers' party." Behind the author and his friends on the left is part of the appropriate decor—huge sheets of paper slung with ink-splashes. The group on the right have a more formal background

Miss Tilly Losch, Lady Mendl, Mrs. Syrie Maugham

Capt. Arthur Paget, Lady Carolyn Howard, Mrs. Paget

FILM PREMIERE

Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Paget and Lady Carolyn Howard, the Earl and Countess of Carlisle's nineteen-year-old daughter, were at the premiere of "Carefree," at the New Gallery

CHARITY FAIR

A vegetable stall at the Welsh Fair was run by the Marchioness of Bute. Her daughter, Lady Jean Bertie, and daughter-in-law, Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart, helped her sell cabbages, celery, parsley. The Fair at the Portman Rooms was in aid of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Council of Social Service

Lady Jean Bertie, Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart

In Couples

Husband and wife *looking radiantly pleased with each other were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tracy at the Ritz one evening. They were married shortly before Lee Tracy came over here to replace Raymond Massey in "Idiot's Delight." Sherwood's war play now runs at popular prices at His Majesty's*

Engaged *are the son and daughter of two celebrities. John de Laszlo is the youngest son of the late Philip de Laszlo, the artist. Peggy Cruise is the daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, who was surgeon-dentist to King George V., and holds that appointment to Queen Mary*

Guests *at the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution dinner were Lady Hewart and Lord Hambleden, chairman of W. H. Smith and Son. Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, proposing "The Press," admitted that "the law of libel needs a great deal of alteration"*

Film companions *on Thursday last week were Mr. Noel Coward and Mrs. Anthony Eden, at the premiere of "Marie Antoinette," at the Empire. Mr. Coward is very political minded these days, belongs to the Athenæum, and is looked on by the stage as its member best-informed in affairs of public interest*

Neighbours *in the country as well as at dinner are Viscount Sandon, who has a family place near Stafford, and a house in Gloucestershire, and Countess Baldwin. They were at the dinner of the Worcestershire Association of which Lord Baldwin is president (see page 165). "Very few ladies," said Lord Baldwin, that evening, "are trained as my wife, unfortunately for herself the wife of a public speaker"*

Lady Hewart and Viscount Hambleden

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 94

Frances Day

FRANCES DAY was born in Newark, New Jersey, in the small hours of the morning when her mother was on her way home from a dance where she had been chaperoning her eldest daughter. This unconventional arrival may have had some pre-natal influence on the charming Frances, who has always had an abrupt determination to break away from tradition. Having seen five out of her seven brothers and sisters married off, and having no wish at the time to follow suit, she ran away from home at the age of fifteen and a half, hid for several days, and was then returned to store as good as new. Soon she ran away again, and this time was successful, for she got a job with Texas ("Give the Little Girl a Hand") Guinan at, she says, £20 a week. After less than a month, however, she was spotted by Percy Athos and exported to London with Will Rogers and Jean Austin to Prince's, in Piccadilly. The morning after her debut she very nearly left for home, because she chartered a taxi from Jermyn Street to take her to the Piccadilly Hotel. And by the time she arrived at her destination there was 12s. 6d. on the clock. To-day she is a British subject, and has almost entirely lost her American accent. Indeed, she talks with a clipped voice almost worthy of the Shires. What 's more, she is very fond of racing and genuinely likes horses, whether or not they carry her money.

"A VERY interesting struggle to get on the stage," is her description of her early days in this country. But she thinks it was good for her. Her first stage (as opposed to cabaret) experience was in *Little Tommy Tucker*, but she never reached London in it. Her second was *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, but the Fifty Million Frenchmen themselves never came to town. There followed *Out of the Bottle*, with press notices that securely placed her pretty feet on the ladder. *Cold Blood*, her next venture, only lasted three or four weeks. Since then she has appeared in a number of shows and cabarets and films, and is now in *The Fleet 's Lit Up*.

Frances Day has natural ash-blonde hair, and a bull puppy, a flat in Belgravia, and a passion for four-poster beds. She likes going to antique sales, planting vegetables, and trying to write. She says that if she had £500 a year, free of tax, she would give up the stage to-morrow and try to become an authoress. I doubt it. But it is a charming conception.

FRANCES DAY is a strange creature. (By the way, she won't tell even her best friends her real name, which is Russian.) She will discuss anything, from politics to antiques, at the drop of a hat. She weighs eight stone six and is five feet four and a half. She claims that she designs nearly all her own clothes herself; and is a great admirer of Beverley Nichols; which is, perhaps, why she is so fond of bulbs—or isn't it? Actually she is one hundred per cent. feminine, maternal complex and all. That is probably why she finds it easier to make friends with men than with women.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I said 'any more fez pliz?'"

THE good-natured muddle of A.R.P. deprived us down in our village of those fascinating little official booklets on What To Do In a Bombardment, for which we 're still waiting, but in Town recently we seized on a copy belonging to a more fortunate chap and found a lot of innocent amusement, especially in the section telling you how to behave in your refuge-room. That gramophone (with records, adds the booklet carefully) is a happy touch. You 're apparently supposed to play it, also card and parlour games, by candlelight with your head under the blankets, which would be none too easy if you 'd forgotten the records in the scurry. Another nice touch involved incendiary bombs, which might burn through the floor and thus necessitate your dealing with them, the booklet pointed out, on the floor below. We came to the general conclusion that had the worst happened that particular week-end there 'd have been so few people left alive in about half an hour, owing to A.R.P., to manipulate gramophones and play bridge that it would have been hardly worth worrying about such things. Remember this next time, and substitute a Patience pack.

There 'd have been quite a lot of fun and nonsense in Birmingham, judging by a report to the City Council last week. Half the gasmasks issued didn't fit the citizenry, there were no feeding arrangements for 300,000 of the evacuated, and only one-sixteenth of the necessary fire equipment was available. (And it 's quite possible that citizens who 'd dug garden trenches in a clay soil hadn't been told to provide water-polo balls to play with during the bombardment, also.) Add to this typical state of affairs the wave of profiteering and the shortage of guns and things, and you know what to expect again in due course. However, as soon as Fleet Street recovers sufficiently from the wreckage to issue emergency sheets, thin and smudgy, you 'll be able to read unstinted praise of your truly British gallantry in getting yourselves massacred, so there should be no necessity for all that undignified panic over again.

"I've called about the dry rot in the library"

Pyrenean

GEORGE BORROW, as is well known to his admirers, has a habit of describing in his books superhuman mental and physical feats performed by himself in the absence of trustworthy witnesses; whereby many have suspected the bounding Borrow to be a bit of a liar, and have commended the old gipsy lady, Mrs. Hearne, for trying to poison him, and, failing that, to poke his eye out with a sharp stick. The same charge can never be brought against Mr. J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, who has just recorded some of his feats in the Pyrenees in an engrossing book, for not only is Mr. Morton very truthful, but we happened to be there while some of them were being performed, and can vouch for the same on oath. Something of a fop and a flaneur in private life, the idol of wealthy women and an arbiter of elegance whose opinion on the cut of a sleeve or the latest fad of Fashion is eagerly sought by the jeunesse dorée, Mr. Morton goes native very quickly, changing from Valentine to Orson with breath-taking ease and covering himself with mud, blood, and hair in record time. Never using the same daintily-embroidered cambric handkerchief twice in London, in the Pyrenees he wipes his hardy nose on enormous rocks. Oaths in three languages and discordant songs issue from those lips which erst showered sugared compliments with glossy duplicity on the women of the rich. A huge Irish blackthorn replaces the clouded cane, a hideous beard enshrouds those smoothly-shaven features, the eyes grow red with fury and surmise. Fighting sometimes ensues, whether with the natives (two bouts recorded in this book) or with friends. Propelled by dæmonic energy, by love of wild savage mountain places, devil-haunted, by memories of Roland and the Peers, and sometimes by kicks from behind, the rugged indomitable figure goes stamping over the high hills, by peak and pass, gorge and torrent, scree and *jasse*, a most peculiar sight. You 'd never dream the chap was plus 2 at Sunningdale, and a crack bridge and polo player, a J.P., a balletomane, a prominent Society first-nighter, a Brummell, the cynosure of Mayfair and the prime favourite of every slap-up salon in town, and you 'd be right, at that.

Bijou

MR. HEARST'S little place in Glamorganshire, now for sale, is well described by the auctioneers as "one of the most remarkable properties in the British Isles." You don't often see a huge mediæval stronghold so crammed with priceless authentic

properties and gadgets, including thirty principal bedrooms each with bathroom and servants' quarters, and when we saw St. Donat's Castle the first time it was our fixed idea that Sam Goldwyn had dreamed it. Nevertheless, in our mousy view it's much better to have such places restored with care by wealthy amateurs than to leave them a heap of ruins. The curious superstition still persists in England that ruins, secular and monastic, are somehow attractive, whereas the sober-minded spectator views them, like Dr. Johnson at Oseney Priory, with indignation. If places half as noble and lovely as Fountains and Rievaulx and Tintern and Valle Crucis, among a score more, were being built to-day it would not matter so much, but they're not. Caliban can't do it. For which reason we think chaps who rail against Viollet-le-Duc and his pupils for so heavily restoring Carcassonne and Pierrefonds and other places are plumb snobs and fools. Such places may not be precisely what they were originally, but they're a very good substitute, and they still show the modern age what its predecessors were capable of. Numbers of our fine crumbling British castles should be equally carefully restored (Hurstmonceux Castle, in Sussex, is an admirable example). We don't know about the abbeys. The Office of Works doesn't recognise abbeys which aren't ruined, and it probably wouldn't know what to do with a restored Fountains. Handing it over to the Fitness Council might solve that problem ?

Can

THE Tombs Prison in New York is being offered for sale, prompting Auntie *Times's* New York Correspondent to observe waggishly that " the present tenants are willing to vacate the premises without any notice whatsoever," which may be true. The Tombs isn't very comfortable, a chap once told us who had been there; it's old and insanitary, whereas chaps who get sent up the river to Ossining, although they never get a real chance of admiring the beauties of the Hudson, report that the internal arrangements of Sing-Sing are not unworthy of Nature's bounties spread outside. Nevertheless, when the Tombs vanishes even those New Yorkers who've never been inside will probably mourn it as they mourned the old Waldorf-Astoria, and fight equally tearfully for odd bricks as souvenirs. It's a genuine bit of pre-war New York, like the old church on Wall Street and Robert Benchley, and there are aged citizens, viewing it through a mist of romance and Bourbon, who will tell you the Tombs was a noted prison even when *Florodora* was running. That's a long time ago in New York history, and you get a vague but fixed idea from such recitals that in those days Broadway was an Indian trail through the woods and you paid for your theatre-stall in cheap looking-glasses, beads, and " trade " goods. Citizens in quaint old-world costume sat in the Tombs then to await their lawyers; chaps in gay fancy waistcoats and flowing moustaches, curly bowlers and horse-shoe tie-pins and natty tan boots (sometimes spatted). Their hair was often parted in the middle and brilliantined. They all hummed tunes from *Florodora*, the hit of the period, in the chorus of which, either in town or touring, practically every good-looking, well-built girl in America had been at one time or another. It was a fascinating period in America and Europe equally, and it has few survivors, except on the lighter musical stage. And even these have shrunk. Forty years ago or more they were large, bosomy Junoesque ingénues, to-day they are quite small and thin, yet laughing and demure as ever.

Apropos which, somebody calculated the other day that Mistinguett, who has just published her memoirs, was on the stage when Agincourt was fought. This is a pretty wild and ill-bred crack at a sweet star's age, the fact being that she was given her first stage job by Racine, playing the second milkman in *Athalie*.

Jobbe

OF the sixty City thoroughfares just renamed by the L.C.C., who continue soberly doing their bit towards changing the face of London and driving map-makers crazy, the most interesting is perhaps Fountain Court, Aldermanbury, which will henceforth be Fountaine Court. The cost to the ratepayers of adding that " e " is not stated, but nobody can cavil at this fragrant emendation. We only wish some other people would imitate. In the Home Counties recently we saw a sign on a pub which said " Olde-Worlde Hotel." For another fourpence or so the proprietor could have had " Hotelle." Fainthearted-ness is probably at the root of it. Chaps hesitate to take the plunge, which is why you often see an olde-worlde hotelle full of electric candles and equipped with signs saying " Bar " and " Gents " instead of " Barre " and " Gentes." However, the L.C.C. changes are not all waywarde. Many were necessary, owing to duplication, and one or two are pleasantly evocative—for example, the changing of Paul's Alley, Paternoster Row, back into St. Paul's Alley. The Puritans knocked the " St. " off a number of City streets, and there was a time, as Addison or somebody remarked of his childhood, when if you asked a citizen the way to " Paul's Alley " he might sock you for a cropeared young Puritan cur, and if you asked the very next citizen you met for " St. Paul's Alley " he might sock you for a malignant young Prelatist. You got your revenge in that free and easy period on both types of greasy cit, as you grew up and went to Court, by cuckolding them with a careless laugh. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" Hens, hens, hens—that's all you seem to think of "

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Goodness, How Sad!" (Vaudeville)

Sketches by Rouson

"Quiet Wedding" (Wyndham's)

Young ingenue meets sinister stranger: (Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair)

Bridal couple with presents: (Elizabeth Allan and Frank Lawton)

"Goodness, How Sad!" (Vaudeville)

HERE is a slight, light, bright magazine-story play about a struggling little actress in repertory digs and a big film star (male) who, revisiting the scene of his own early struggles, is there attracted by the lady's youth and promise. At first he wears dark glasses to escape the mobbing crowd. But love draws him back into the limelight, for the repertory company being on the brink of dissolution through lack of support, what will give it a bigger boost than the personal appearance of the film star in the chief part of the next piece, even though he has to sit up all night to learn it?

Finally, the call of Hollywood proves stronger even than the call of love, the film star disappears, and the struggling little actress is left to mourn what was, after all, but an early episode, so that with Robert Morley, the author, we can exclaim, smiling indulgently, "Goodness, how sad!" How sad, how pleasant, how unimportant, how pretty, how full of theatrical types, and acted how charmingly by Jill Furse as the heroine, how staunchly by Judith Furse as her friend, how acidly by Mary Merrall as the landlady of the digs, how quite movingly by Arthur Hambling as the owner of a troupe of performing sea-lions. Kathleen Boutall, Frith Banbury and Hugh Sinclair complete a jolly cast. The piece was originally produced at Perranporth, where it must have seemed a surprisingly good entertainment to come across on a seaside holiday. It doesn't seem at all a bad one in the Strand.

"Quiet Wedding" (Wyndham's)

ON the eve of her wedding, Janet Royd (Elizabeth Allan) couldn't get along with her fiancé (Frank Lawton) at all. Everything he did and everything he said was wrong; the same applied to her sisters and her cousins and her aunts, who had all assembled for the great occasion; and each fresh wedding present was just another thorn in the flesh.

What had come over the girl? Was she ill? Was she secretly in love with someone else? No, the trouble was just this—she had reached a point where she could no longer bear the ignominy of the public fuss, the sentimental fawnings, the arch insinuations of her well-wishers (as when night-dresses became the theme of conversation). The world to her seemed a world of unbridled and unblinkered voyeurs. Better not get married at all than this.

SO, for three acts, Esther McCracken presents a modern and highly satirical Masque of Hymen, leaving no aspect of the ceremonial preparations unexamined. There are moments when this piece competes with the voyeurs themselves in impertinence, but the chittery-chattery dialogue is likely once again to attract the great George-and-Margaret public to Wyndham's, where Anne Firth gives a delightful performance as a deedy-arty, not to say groupy, young lady, and Marie Löhr lends the full weight of her experience to a part that errs on the side of helpful common sense. The best performance of all comes from Marjorie Fielding as the bride's mother. Miss Fielding never overdoes the triumph—and what a maternal triumph, even in post-Victorian days, marriage still is!

"Les Sylphides": By J. Morton Sale

"Bystander" Short Story No. 163

Ghost for Hire!

By Alex. Barber

Illustrated by Jardine

"I WANT to hire a ghost."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I want to hire a ghost."

"Oh! Oh, yes. Yes, I see. You mean you want, as it were, to hire a ghost? Well, that's—er—that's fine. Had you any particular kind of ghost in mind?"

"I want a ghost to haunt the Peacock Room in a house of mine called 'Winterways,' in Sussex, at midnight next Friday, the thirteenth. Can you supply me with one?"

"Certainly. By all means."

"I have come to you because I understand that your Unusual Confidential Services Bureau provides the services which its name implies."

"If it can be done—we can do it. That is our motto. Unusual Confidential Services Bureau accept no limitations other than the Impossible."

"You will think it strange that I want to hire a ghost, but——"

"If you will allow me to say so, sir, nothing is strange to us of the Unusual Confidential Services Bureau. We exist to serve mankind. Mankind has many and varied requirements in order to fulfil its happiness. One man may need a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, a book of verses underneath the bough, a girl friend, and a wilderness to sit in with her. Another man may be satisfied with a ghost on given premises at a given hour of a given date. We merely do our best to supply what is required, at a moderate fee."

I thought Arthur, as he spoke these last words, looked even more noble than usual. His forehead could not have been actually higher, I suppose, but it seemed to be. Seated in the swivel chair behind the desk, beaming on our client with goodwill that could almost be felt, like a gas fire, he looked like a modern chivalrous knight.

As for our client, I could see that he was impressed. He was a very precise-looking oldish gentleman, with thin features and pince-nez. He was taller than most men, and extremely thin, and not very passionate, and on the whole reminded me strongly of a stick-insect I had once kept as a pet.

"The position," he went on now, "is simple. My name is Weedworth—Sir Ebenezer Weedworth. For several years I have been trying to sell an empty house of mine in Sussex, called 'Winterways.' No one has been inclined to buy it until recently, when a Mr. George Crown became interested in it—or rather, in the ghost which is said to haunt the Peacock Room at midnight on Fridays. For some reason, which he has not confided to me, he very much desires a house with a ghost. In fact, if he once becomes quite convinced—*quite* convinced—of the reality of the ghost, I am sure he will buy 'Winterways.' Next Friday he is proposing to sleep—or rather, go to bed and stay awake—in the Peacock Room, in the hope that the ghost may appear."

Sir Ebenezer paused, and coughed.

"It would be a pity," he continued, "if Mr. Crown's harmless wish to see a ghost should be disappointed. I feel that it would give him a good deal of pleasure, and one always likes to give other people pleasure, if it is in one's power."

"Yes, indeed," nodded Arthur understandingly. "Yes, indeed. Yes, indeed. Well, Sir Ebenezer, I think I can promise you that Mr. George Crown will not spend next Friday night in the Peacock Room of 'Winterways' in vain."

"The ghost will walk?" inquired Sir Ebenezer, peering over his pince-nez.

"The ghost will walk," stated Arthur positively, "if it has to come on a motor-bike to do so!"

This interview took place on the Monday before the Friday. On the Wednesday before the Friday we had another client.

He came steaming into the room like a very confident tug-boat, nodded cordially to Arthur and me, and wedged himself into one of the easy chairs in front of the desk, a tight fit.

"Am I talking to Messrs. Splender and Coote, of the Unusual Confidential Services Bureau?" he inquired. "I am? Right! Good!"

He crossed his legs, looked at his yellow

boots with approval, and took another pull at his cigar.

"I saw your advert.," he went on, in a breezy, rather hoarse voice, "and I said to myself, 'Unusual Confidential Services, eh? Those are the boys for me!' Now listen."

He leaned forward.

"Do you happen to draw the line," he demanded, "at ghosts?"

A football arriving at high speed in the solar-plexus could hardly have disconcerted me more. I uttered a noise, and my chair, at the end of the desk, scraped back in a startled manner.

If Arthur was similarly jolted, as no doubt he was, he was masterly in his self-control. I saw the merest ripple of emotion pass over his handsome face, and his fingers stiffen as they lay on the blotter. Then he smiled beautifully.

"How do you mean, do we draw the line at ghosts?"

"Well, it's like this. I'm after a bit of property down in Sussex, see? It's a place called 'Winterways,' and it belongs to an old bird by the name of Weedworth—Sir Ebenezer Weedworth. And the special thing about this house—the extra special thing—is that it's got a ghost."

"No?" said Arthur incredulously.

"Well, that's what they say. There's supposed to be a ghost that haunts the Peacock Room. And if it's a real ghost, that really turns up on Fridays at midnight, same as they say, then 'Winterways' is the place for me."

"You are fond of ghosts?" suggested Arthur.

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. But I want a place that's got one."

Our client hesitated, then went on in a sudden burst—

"I'll tell you—between ourselves. I'm a man that's climbed up from the bottom rung of the ladder, and not ashamed to own it, either. I haven't always been where I am now, able to have posh things, see? Well, what I've noticed is this. Those that are born up near the top rung, they pretty often have a ghost that haunts their place. But those that are down nearer the lowest rung, they don't have any. What working man is there that can say he's got a ghost in his home, same as the gentry? Well, that riles me, see? If I've worked and worked—and I have worked—to get where I am, why shouldn't I have as good a right to a ghost in my house as plenty that never did a hand's turn to earn one?"

"Why, indeed!" said Arthur.

"The way I see it," continued our client vigorously, "a ghost gives a man prestige. That's what it gives him—prestige. And if there's any prestige going, George Crown's having his fair whack of it. When I take my friends round my place, I want to be able to say, 'Of course, you know we've got a ghost that comes and haunts the Peacock Room?'—just like that, casual. It's going to make an impression, that is. It's going to put my prestige up ten notches. Especially if I can say I've seen it myself. You see what I mean?"

"Perfectly," said Arthur. "Perfectly."

"But, on the other hand," pursued Mr. George Crown, "I don't want any jiggery-pokery."

"No, no!" said Arthur. "Good gracious, no! Certainly not! How did you mean, jiggery-pokery?"

Mr. George Crown screwed his mouth up shrewdly, so that the spine-like points of his moustache semaphored desperately.

"What I mean is," he explained, in a confidential undertone, "I don't want Sir Ebenezer Weedworth palming some fake ghost off on me!"

I moistened my lips.

"He would hardly do that," said Arthur judicially. "No; I cannot believe that a man would bring himself to do that."

"I wouldn't put it past the old boy. Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't. Anyway, I'm not taking any chances. And that's where you come in."

"We come in?" echoed Arthur blankly.

"What I want you to do," said Mr. Crown, "is simply this. On Friday next I'm going

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Russian Colonel

Michael Redgrave plays Alexei Turbin, colonel in *The White Guard*, with an intensity and strength which would be outstanding in any company less brilliant than that playing at the Phœnix. This fine camera-study by Baron shows him at the climax of the play's drama in the second act when he superbly faces the disaster which overtakes his troops. Bulgakov's play in Rodney Ackland's adaptation is the first to be given by the permanent company working with Michel St. Denis as producer. The play itself, "unique and moving," and the supreme quality of the acting and production have been highly praised in a recent letter from Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans, Lewis Casson, John Gielgud and Emlyn Williams. This is a rare kind of recommendation which the public can give themselves intense pleasure in following

"An Elephant in Arcady"

THE approach to Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical play is a fresh one. First it is at the Kingsway, a theatre that has been off the map except for occasional and Christmas productions since *Young England* was running there. Second, and most important, *An Elephant in Arcady* provides something that no London theatre has provided for decades, if ever: an operetta of charm and a certain amount of wit, with good music lifted from Mozart and his elegant contemporaries, with a period atmosphere that is not pedantic, with a coherent if fanciful plot. Ernest Irving, who conducts the orchestra, has done a fine job in adapting the music; Hugh Stevenson's excellent scenery is restrainedly Arcadian; Stephen Thomas produced

The Cast

Pomposo	Frederick Ranalow
Bertoldo	Percy Parsons
Lelio	Eric Starling
Florinda	Irene Eisinger
Ortensio	Geoffrey Dunn
Anastasia	Linda Grey
Massuccio	George Howe

Photographs by John Everard

1. Pomposo and Bertoldo: *the operetta opens in the courtyard of Count Pomposo's palazzo in the Pisan countryside. The impoverished nobleman has a passion for his menagerie and he cannot resist acquiring an elephant from a circus proprietor, Bertoldo, together with its mahout. They sing a duet "Another thousand Lire"*

2. Lelio and Florinda: *the Count's daughter, Florinda, has joined the Arcadian Academy of Pisa, which is to visit the Pomposo estate this day. She has designs on the academy's president, is disgusted by the straightforward wooing of Lelio, noble son of a line of poisoners joined to a line of murderers, thus fantastically wealthy*

4. Damon and Chloë: *the Arcadians present the Greek legend on a stage put up by Pomposo, Ortensio playing Damon and Florinda Chloë. The pastoral pair are troubled by love's stirrings, and sing (Mozart) "His heart is tremulous, his cheek is hot, he knows there's something, but knows not what." In a scallop prompt-box sits Massuccio*

5. Lycenia and Damon: *a lusty matron, who long had her eye on young Damon, lures him into a grove and there teaches him love's arts. Anastasia, rival with Florinda for the hand of Ortensio, has this part in the Arcadians' production. They sing another Mozart duet*

3. ***The Arcadians:*** *left is Florinda, centre is Ortensio, the president, right is Massuccio, peevish past-president and founder: they enter on a Scarlatti theme*

6. ***The panic:*** *Lelio, the gentleman of Pisa, cannot stand Florinda's philandering with Ortensio in "Damon and Chloë." Disguised as the elephant's mahout, he breaks up the show by announcing his charge's escape: a Piccinni theme*

7. ***Lelio and Florinda:*** *the terrified Arcadians wander through Pomposo's estate all night, but Florinda sleeps in the pseudo-mahout's arms*

8. ***The finale:*** *at dawn Lelio bathes in "Helicon's fount," casts off his mahout's disguise, pays all the Count's bills, wins Florinda's hand*

With the Services, No. 22

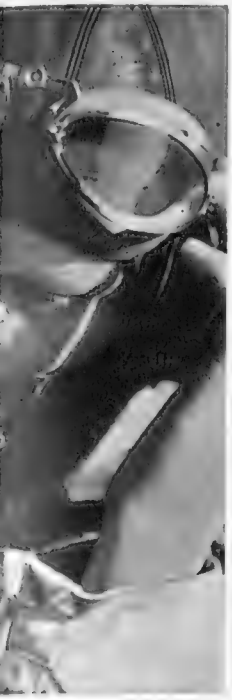
Youngest and Fastest

The "Bystander" reviews a R.A.F. fighter squadron at its headquarters, North Weald, Epping, through photographs specially taken by Norman Parkinson

The North Weald fighter squadron of the Royal Air Force, whose headquarters lie in Mr. Winston Churchill's constituency of Epping, is the youngest and fastest war unit in this kingdom. Its machines are Hawker single-seater fighters, surnamed Hurricanes, powered by Rolls-Royce Merlin engines of one thousand horse-power. Its pilots are young men in the early twenties, most of whom are on short service commissions of six years. Ready to take the air at any time in defending London against attackers, they are typical of the keenness and fitness throughout the Force

Talk Before Flight

The Pilot's



Head

A Flight of Hurricanes Stands Ready on the Tarmac

A flight of Hurricanes stands ready on the tarmac at North Weald, LR-L, LR-Q, LR-O. They are wide-winged, demonstrating the modern tendency in design, camouflaged, armed with eight machine-guns whose four muzzles in each wing are closed in the two nearest machines. LR-O has been warmed up for its pilot by the ground men and he now sits in the 'office' and taxis the machine forward, with a fitter and mate on the wing-tips to steady her against any sudden gust. When he throttles up he will slide forward the cockpit's roof to enclose himself completely, his only communication with the world being his wireless

Continued overleaf →

Every machine in the R.A.F. has a serviceability board like the one posed by the Flight Sergeant above. It is the log of the aeroplane, whose whole mechanical history is noted on Form 700 contained in the board. If the machine is under repair the board is turned round so that it reads unserviceable (in red)

Wearing his parachute on his seat—its rip-cord runs up his thigh—and holding the plug of his telephony, the pilot steps in

Above, the Hawker Hurricane gets an electric start: the lead of the starter, a separate unit on a trolley, is plugged into the Hurricane and the current slowly turns the 1000-h.p. Rolls-Royce engine until it fires, when it is warmed up for the pilot. The undercarriage is retractable

Sub-flights Astern—the Formation for Attack

Line Abreast in the Evening Sky ↑

They Leave No Furrow Where They Fly ↓

Sonya Sage, *New York born, wanted to see a pea-soup fog while here. She has. Has ballet-danced in Boston, was a Ziegfeld Folly. Artists have painted her*

Photographs by Peter North

Betty Elson *ran away when four years old. Fetched back, she ran away again fourteen years later from hometown Michigan to governess-ship in New York. After winning a beautiful-eyes contest, she naturally turned to the show business*

Paige Covey, *a Texas girl, can ride like a Texas cowboy. Worked on a ranch before studying radio technique at Texas University. Has broadcast in America and wants to televise here*

Glamour Girls: the Grosvenor House 'Adorables'

Bernice Thomas *went to the show business from a Chicago convent. Won a "Prettiest Intelligent Girl in America" contest. Is an interior decorator, and came here to study English home-styles and antiques.* ***Christine Forsyth,*** *from Chicago, sixteen, is the baby of the troupe. Plays the accordion, and loves it so much she sleeps with it beside her. Took this trip as part of her education, and goes back to college after it's over.* ***Christine Harris*** *graduated in music, singing and dramatic art at Texas University. For broadcasting she writes her own versions, in rhyme, of the classics.* ***Olava Layne*** *is dancing her way round the world from Indianapolis. Winning a contest as "the most perfect movie type" marks her down for the films when she gets back.* ***Iris Marshall*** *of Milwaukee took a science degree at Marquette University, gave up science for the stage (in repertory companies), gave up the stage for photographic modelling, is the star of a big New York model agency*

Bernice Thomas, Christine Forsyth, Christine Harris, Olava Layne, Iris Marshall

The Perfumes of Yardley

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Films of the Day

A French Cheat and a French Poet

By George Campbell

PEOPLE who were put off *Le Roman d'un Tricheur* by the French dialogue, no longer have any excuse for missing one of the wittiest, wisest, most interesting experiments of the year. Sacha Guitry's running commentary has been translated into English and delivered by Norman Shelley, whose voice on the air must be known to millions; and the job has been done so skilfully that the film has lost little of its characteristic tang for those who know French, and gained enormously for whose who don't.

The Cheat, as the production is now called, is an essay in chicanery—charming and urbane, funny, with a wistful undertone of regret for lost innocence, lost fortune, lost loves. There is truth as well as humour in the picture of the small boy bewildered by the injustice of a world in which he is deprived of a mushroom dinner because he stole a penny, and sees the rest of the family wiped out because the mushrooms happen to be toadstools. He asks himself whether it is possible that honesty never pays, and experience teaches him it doesn't. He helps a charming blonde to steal jewels and does very nicely out of it, both on the swings and the roundabouts. Every time he tries to go straight, life kicks him hard in the pants.

In the end, sentiment is his ruin. As a card-sharper he has earned a good living, simply because he has never been a gambler: he bets only on stone-cold certainties. But one day at the casino he meets the man who saved his life during the war. Too ashamed to swindle his hero, he becomes the fellow's partner in a harmless little flutter at baccarat, and, of course, the old story of the priest and the courtesan is repeated. The enthusiastic amateur gets bored with the tables and goes back to work. The professional crook becomes bitten with the gambling craze, and sees savings, house, paintings, car vanish across the tables. We leave him poor but philosophic, packing the cards for a manufacturer, saving enough out of his pittance for one tiny weekly flutter, dreaming over a café table of past joys and the one woman he almost loved. It is a charmingly ironic little fable, the sort of thing that Leonard Merrick might have written in collaboration with Anatole France; but only Sacha Guitry could have combined the functions of writer, director, star and chorus, pointing the moral with his wit, bringing all his virtuosity to adorn the tale.

"IF I WERE KING" inspired me with the liveliest misgivings. I visualised more wisecracks of the *Marco Polo* order and, on the romantic side, the sentiments of the old Lyceum expressed in the accents of Kansas City. Imagine my pleasure at finding a costume film conceived with humour, written with wit, and acted with dash and style.

If I Were King, as you will not need to be told if you ever read the old book or play by Justin Huntly McCarthy, is a tale of the reign of Louis XI., its hero François Villon. You will not be surprised, if you know your screen, to find that Villon is a sort of Parisian Robin Hood, plundering the storehouses of the King to give wine and food to the poor, particularly wine. When he isn't robbing or fighting he is making love to tavern girls: all of which is pretty true of the Villon of history.

One day he meets Katherine de Vaucelles. Was she really a maid of honour to the Queen? No matter. Her nose was straight and her figure was curved, and she presumably looked kindly on the poet. In no time at all he has knocked out a verse:

If I were King,
Ah, love, if I were King,
What tributary nations would I bring
To stoop before your sceptre, and to swear
Allegiance to your lips, and eyes, and hair!

Beneath your feet what treasures would I fling,
The stars should be your pearls upon a string,
The world a ruby for your finger-ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were King!

Naturally, this goes over big with Mademoiselle de Vaucelles, and before long he is making a ribald speech about the imbecile on the throne, and how much better he could do himself, which goes over big with the King. For a jest Louis makes him Constable of France, with full command of the defence of Paris against the investing Burgundian army. The beggar on horseback finds riding not so easy, but thanks to the inspiration of the maid of honour, and the timely aid of his cut-throat friends, he is able to save Paris and his neck.

Now you don't need me to tell you that all this is highly mendacious, but it doesn't really matter. Frank Lloyd has brought out the humour of Preston Sturges's script, and the cast could hardly be bettered. Ronald Colman, wearing cloak and dagger with an air, looks as charming an apache as ever came out of one of the better English public schools; Basil Rathbone achieves a tour de force as the cynical, cunning Louis, with images of the saints on his hat and the murderous Tristan by his side; Frances Dee makes a lovely Mlle. de Vaucelles; and Ellen Drew, Henry Wilcoxon, C.V. France, Heather Thatcher, Ralph Forbes, Montagu Love, Lester Matthews and Colin Tapley all have effective bits in a cast which is mainly English, because Mr. Lloyd very sensibly objects to shattering illusion by a mixture of English and Transatlantic accents.

I MUST be brief about the others. *St. Martin's Lane* is a slightly dreary tale, almost saved by the brilliance of Charles Laughton; *Carefree* is a better Astaire-Rogers, with some fun about psycho-analysis and dazzling dancing; and *Old Iron* is a new and worse Tom Walls. Abandoning blondes and bedrooms, Mr. Walls plays a magnate who rules home and office with an iron hand, and finds his family rebellious and his associates treacherous, and escapes sudden death all round, proving again that what 's everybody's business is nobody's business. Or something.

François Villon and Louis XI.—Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone

This Hollywood reconstruction of fifteenth-century France has two English actors in the chief parts, and a number more in the rest of the cast. Basil Rathbone's Louis XI. has subtilty and authenticity about him. Pleasure in the rest of the film follows a taste for swashbuckling romance, with Ronald Colman attractive and dashing, "a sort of Parisian Robin Hood," as the poet. Frances Dee is the girl in the story, Mademoiselle de Vaucelles: Frank Lloyd produced and directed. The film, reviewed here, has been running at the Plaza

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

An Impudent French Fancy

By V. S. Pritchett

THE unreviewable books are those one has most enjoyed. Like happiness, they leave no history. This is how I feel about *The Last of the Villavides*, by Louise de Vilmorin (Chatto and Windus; 5s.). It is exquisitely unreviewable; to hate it would make one eloquent, but to like it is paralysing. The whole bent of the tale is to shut one up; it is a piece of fanciful impudence, and nothing misfires so easily as an account of other people's fancies. And then all the manner of telling is plainly against discussion: the Duke who commits the eccentricity of making an armchair his heir and of marrying it to a young girl in the neighbourhood (with her delighted consent), has devoted his sublime old age to the pleasures of amorous remorse and to the thirty-nine volumes of *How to Unlearn to Read*. And Aurore, the girl, glad of the eternal rebuke of an inanimate (if handsome) husband, has a similar feeling for the negative. Once she had rowed on a lake with a young officer who would not tell his name because it had forty letters in it and was too difficult for others to pronounce. "Under that name my family has for centuries been quite unknown. However hard it may be, it is up to me to carry on the tradition." Let Mlle. Vilmorin's book be unknown, therefore, that all the world may make an exciting discovery.

Does Mlle. Vilmorin's preposterous idea "come off" within its convention? Perfectly. The book is one of those worldly French fairy-tales which are rooted in the lyrical tradition of *Aucassin and Nicolette*. It has also those flurried and sudden gong-like gusts of madness and the macabre which come into the music of the dulcimers of Bali. Aurore is wise and beautiful; but she has an over-populated heart. "Too many breasts" heave within her; the discipline of a husband so resigned will be good for her. On the other hand, like the lady who would only be looked at and who had tortured one of the Villavide ancestors, Aurore by her marriage lies in danger of becoming one of those "driven mad by elegance." Fairy-tale and legend are the paradise of the neurotic.

The pleasure of this book comes from its air of being a sad, cold melody with droll and worldly noises bobbing up continually in it. There is the play on the wicked tastes of Aurore's grandfather and her father-in-law, the former with his passion for ladies in delicate health. "It encourages good manners and rules out all plans for the future. . . . Only to dying people after all, can one promise the impossible without injuring one's conscience." But there is even more pleasure in the surprises of observation. There are two kinds of observation in writing: one, single-minded and direct, which detaches and labels things seen; the other which sees, as it were, under the skin—

"She wished the mere fact of her presence in this base world to affect people, that they should be touched by this corporeal veil which she wore as a gesture of politeness."

The only criticism I would make of the tale—and I make it with deference and reluctance—is that the theme of cold-heartedness is too much repeated in the various characters. Men who leave a decorative waste of imploring victims, women either fey or of entrancing stupidity—such are the rather noticeable limits of Mlle. de Vilmorin's powers with people.

Baron

David Horner

Has recently published his first book, "Through French Windows," reviewed on this page. He has travelled widely—in Europe, Canada, Indo-China; France he knows not as a traveller, but as an inhabitant, and he loves it deeply. He is a cousin of the Horners of Mells Park, a family which has been settled in Somerset since the sixteenth century

WORDS can go downhill. In the literature of French travel, none has sunk lower than "lure" and "glamour." They began high with Stevenson and declined with E. V. Lucas and W. J. Locke. Yet these words corresponded to a genuine sentiment about foreign places. Tourism and the advertising industry, of course, jumped at such easy game; one could get all the *Beloved Vagabond* sensations on a Cook's round ticket, by merely walking from the station to the Place de la République in any town in France; it was all very solemnly bogus and the late W. J. Locke has an awful responsibility. But, as I have said, the sentiment was genuine enough, and I am glad that Mr. David Horner has not been afraid to expose himself to it in his excellent *Through French Windows* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). The fault of the glamour school was its lack of discrimination. They confused the Algerian adulterations of the vins du pays with the great vintages, they missed the unusal pictures and churches, and they failed, above all—where he brilliantly succeeds—in getting behind the closed doors of provincial France. Their contacts were casual, his prolonged. His provincial families are not mere literature, a deposit left in the imagination after reading Mme. Bovary and de Maupassant, but real families, respectable, starchy, kind and difficult. Mr. Horner's is the book of a man who loves France because he knows it, not as a romantic escape, but as a reality.

THE third instalment of Mr. Agate's journalisings in *Ego* 3 (Harrap; 18s.) is like the others: a well-packed collection of notes on the stage, jokes, stories, gossip and personalia. He belongs to that school of journalism which I always think of as "the sedulous apes," and which, deriving from Stevenson, created a rather fruity and classy style of writing, with C. E. Montague and H. M. Tomlinson as the more distinguished of its offenders against direct statement. Puns, allusions, hidden quotations—all contributed to a new journalese. In these diaries there is not time for such tricks of the trade, and, in consequence, Mr. Agate is at his more readable. The American pages have particular interest, and there is a sound analysis, with experience in it, of the habits of the American stage. The Americans, he says, are shy of direct emotion, they prefer the brisk obliquities. American sophistication, chiefly known to us through *The New Yorker*, is the product of emotional fright or immaturity; also an agitated attempt to deal with social turmoil by putting on a poker face. It is this turmoil which is really producing the interesting stuff in America, especially in the theatre. Mr. Agate's asides are always good: "14 dollars is surely not excessive for sitting in a room in which Noel Coward once waved to Beatrice Lillie."

OTHERS may follow the hectic fate line of Bertie Wooster in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's *The Code of the Woosters* (Jenkins; 7s. 6d.); I wait for such gems as "the hornswoggling highbinder Sir Watkyn Bassett" and "the browsing at her trough is always of a nature to allure the gourmet." All will have their favourite Wodehouse periods; mine is the Blanding one and I am a heretic about Jeeves. He belongs, in my opinion, to the degenerate branch of this schoolboy humour. Jeeves is a snob, whereas Wooster is a ninny of genius in his contributions to the Wodehouse dialect. "Aunt Agatha, who eats broken bottles and wears barbed wire next the skin." That is like Synge!

Miss Kenyon-Slaney, Lady Tichborne

At Newbury to see Mr. G. H. Fairhurst's Nadushka win a pretty race from Hesperian and Elgar in the Autumn Handicap were Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney and Lady Doughty - Tichborne

Miss Buller

The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, sister of Princess Aly Khan and of Lord Churston, was another racegoer at the Newbury autumn meeting

Miss Berry

The Hon. Cecily Berry, youngest of the first and last Lord Buckland's five daughters, came over to Newbury's racecourse from her home, Woolton House

Miss Fisher

Miss June Fisher wore a very smart leopard ensemble at Newbury, where the weather was fine but cold

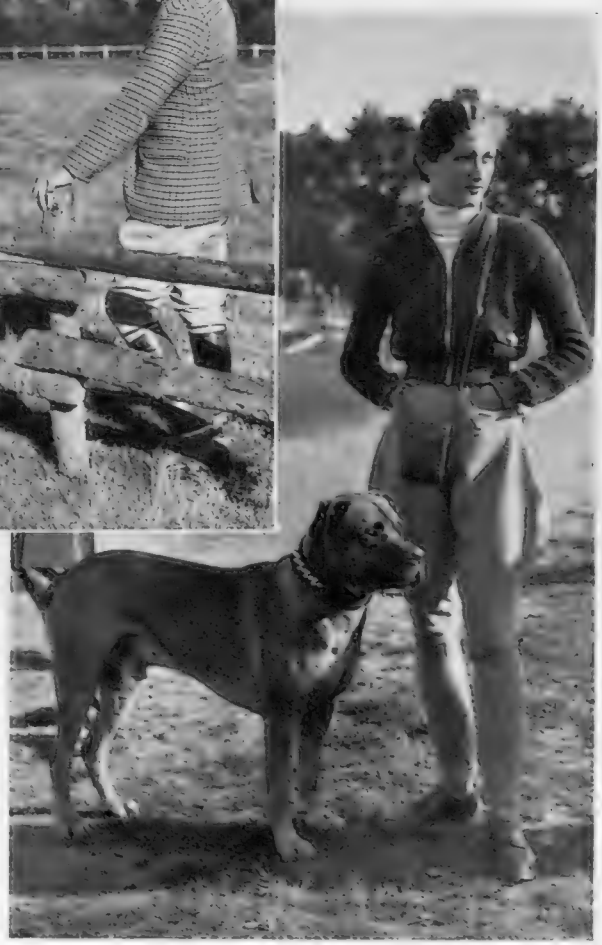
Watching Racehorses and Trying Hunters

A Girth for the Dog

Lady Radnor borrowed a girth from someone's stable equipment for her Cairn at the Bordon hunter trials, which were held at Oxney Farm, Bordon, Hants. She has been joint-Master of the Wilton, with Major A. E. Phillips, for the last two seasons

Another Bordon Trio

Three more keen watchers of hunters at the Bordon trials at Oxney Farm were Mrs. John Lawson, her daughter and her son-in-law, Sir Edward and Lady Bradford; he is the third baronet, and a lieutenant in the Cameronians



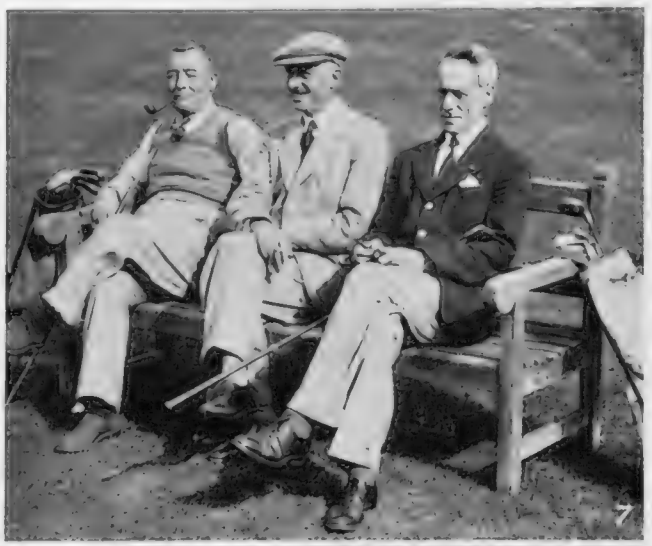
Mrs. Hope Osborne

Mrs. Hope Osborne (Primrose Salt that was) was also at the Bordon hunter trials, very Diana-like in dress and accompanied by a mastiff

Golf Clubs at Home: Boyce Hill, South Benfleet

The Boyce Hill Golf Club at South Benfleet is in Essex, but it is not the typical flat Essex course; it is high and it is undulating. Six miles from Southend and three from Leigh-on-Sea, Boyce Hill is noted for its bracing air. The round is testing, but not fatiguing, the total length being 6200 yards

(1) W. C. H. Sanders (director). (2) James Hayes (captain). (3) E. A. Hick (chairman of house and green committee). (4) Captain W. P. Simpson. (5) P. H. R. Turner. (6) S. D. Froud. (7) P. J. Bennett, W. J. Drake, S. G. Yoxall. (8) E. Glands, A. G. Blake, E. A. Judge. (9) L. V. Mills, S. A. Spratt, H. S. Mather. (10) H. L. Macdonald (secretary), E. L. Archer (steward), E. A. Barker (professional)



J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Too Many Clubs

At the Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1937 the Rules of Golf Committee brought forward a proposal to limit the number of golf clubs to be used or carried to fourteen. Although a majority of those who voted were in favour of the resolution, it was not passed, as many members refused to vote, and the two-thirds majority of those present necessary by the rules of the Club was not obtained. I felt at the time that the Rules of Golf Committee was ill-advised to bring forward this proposal at a Spring Meeting, at which there is seldom such a representative attendance as at the Autumn Meetings.

Since then various golfing bodies, both in this country and abroad, have been consulted, and they all, with hardly an exception, have signified their approval of the proposal.

At the meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club held last September, the proposal to limit the number of golf clubs to be used or carried to fourteen was again brought forward and this time the resolution was carried without any argument. It will come up for confirmation at the next Spring Meeting and will then come into force; thus the new rule will apply to the next Amateur Championship, and I shall be surprised if we find that the winner has had to discard a single club.

I am very pleased to see this new rule approved, and hope that it is the thin edge of the wedge and that we shall soon see a further reduction, as fourteen clubs is certainly a ridiculously large number for anyone to carry; there is no doubt that many golfers carry clubs which they are never likely to use in anger.

Caddies at St. Andrews have on occasions taken certain bags of clubs and had them weighed and they have found that many weigh over fifty pounds.

You can get some idea of how heavy a weight of fifty pounds is when I tell you that during the Great War it took two men to lift a fifty-pound bomb and fit it to the bomb rack of an aeroplane.

Some inconsiderate golfers even carry round the course two or three dozen practice balls as well as their large umbrellas, complete suits of waterproof clothing, plaster and various other impedimenta, and I know of one case where a golfer forgot to take his spare shoes out of the enormous pocket on his bag and consequently his unfortunate caddie had to lug them round the course with all his other paraphernalia. Strong caddies in the prime of life do not mind these heavy bags as they usually mean a bigger tip, but the very young cannot carry them, and the very old find it a great strain to do so.

I have heard some professionals complain that the limiting of clubs will mean that they will not sell so many. I do not agree with these views and feel sure that they are ill-founded. Golfers will buy just as many clubs as they used to. At the present time we often see a golfer, fortified by lunch, go into the professional's shop, pick up and swing one or two clubs, and then say that he has found just the club he has been looking for for years. Indoors, beautifully polished and nicely finished clubs do make even the least susceptible of us think that we will play very well with them. When we get on the course it is quite another thing; we generally play one or two shots with the new club and then decide that we had better go back to our old one, but we seldom think of taking the new club out of our bag and putting it in our locker. It goes with us round after round and is never used or even considered. When the new rule comes into force, those who carry an excessive number of clubs will have to make room for a new club by discarding an old one. I can see many new clubs after a very short life being discarded and replaced by their predecessors.

I have heard an objection to the new rule on the grounds that it will be very difficult to enforce. This is really absolute nonsense. How can you at the present time see that everyone plays with legal balls, and how can you prevent a man from improving his lie in the heather? No one, surely, will be so stupid as to risk disqualification by carrying a club too many, especially as it is extremely unlikely to improve his game.

The only thing that I can see against this rule is that affluent gentlemen, who take to the game for the first time late in life, may think that it is the right thing to have fourteen clubs.

On the other hand, the limiting of the number of clubs should tend to make the game less slow. How often do we see a man pondering which of two clubs to take, when he can play the shot equally well and easily with either. I wonder how many matches John Beck has won, during which he has only used a driver, a spoon, a jigger, a mashie niblick and a putter. Their number must be legion. You may say that that is all very well, but John Beck is a very good player; you may possibly be one yourself if you take some clubs out of your bag. It is much better to be on good terms with a few clubs than to carry a lot of which many are complete strangers.

Household Brigade Golf

Capt. W. L. Steel and Capt. P. D. Miller won the bogey foursomes with all square in the Household Brigade G.S.'s meeting at Worplesdon. Miller also won the 18-holes stroke competition for the National Playing Fields Cup; playing from scratch, he returned 73

Six More Players in the Household Brigade Golfing Society's Autumn Meeting at Worplesdon

A. H. Porter and Captain Sir Thomas Frankland were cheerful, though not winners

Captain the Hon. J. B. G. Hennessy and the Hon. Tom Coke did not look so cheerful

Capt. Sir Anthony Mildmay, M.C., late Grenadier Guards, was talking to Capt. J. E. Bradish-Ellames

Cambridge Outlaws *beat Mrs. A. C. Critchley's team of "Unmarrieds" by 9 games to 3 at Denham, although the Blues conceded six strokes a game. The players were (back row): Miss Dorrit Wilkins, B. D. Carris, Miss Betty Dix Perkin, W. H. Halstead, Miss Jacqueline Gordon, E. S. Browne, Lady Katharine Cairns, Miss Dorothy Pearson; (sitting) Miss Kathleen Garnham, R. B. How, Miss Enid Wilson, John Langley, Mrs. Critchley, W. S. I. Whitelaw, Miss Phyllis Wade; (on ground) N. B. F. Mann and D. Winton*

Oxford freshmen *and senio Road track, when this pictu St. Catherine's) winning a he ing W. Wood (Chorlton an standing feature of the meetin*

Howard Marshall on Sport

It seems that Rugby football is not the only game where there is confusion in the laws. The lawn tennis authorities are deeply exercised about foot faults; and last Friday a committee-meeting of some moment was held.

I write before the decisions arrived at have been made public. But nothing can be done until the International Federation consider the matter next March.

Actually, the present service law, unlike the scrummage laws in Rugby football, is perfectly practicable. The trouble is that the impetuous player is apt to foot fault, as Adrian Quist did when he was playing Budge during the Davis Cup matches. Quist was penalised, and the incident caused a considerable amount of controversy.

The only sanction for any new law is that it shall clarify the position; and the wording of the proposed new foot-fault rule seems to me exceedingly obscure. This will probably be rectified. But our law makers invariably try to cover so many contingencies in their wording that they become needlessly involved.

As an ice-hockey player remarked to me the other day, the authorities are always legislating for the cheat, which means that their rules consist of a tremendous barricade of prohibitions. They are, in fact, negative rather than positive. If, for a change, they approached the problem from the other angle, and told a player specifically what he should do, instead of, by implication, what he must not do, great simplification would result.

It is very agreeable, at any rate, to be thinking of lawn tennis in this raw and foggy weather, which has so suddenly reminded us of winter. And I was particularly glad to hear G. P. Hughes speaking so highly of Miss Margot Lumb's performances in America. Apparently Miss Lumb played superbly and, according to Hughes, put herself in the world class.

It seems as if Miss Lumb is carrying into lawn tennis the qualities which made her so formidable as a squash rackets player. Those who have come up against her at squash will tell you without any hesitation that she has the ideal temperament for the game, and a fighting tenacity of exceptional quality.

News has just come through, as I write, of Maurice Strickland's performance at Plymouth, where he smashed Erwin Klein of Germany to defeat in four rounds.

Strickland, they tell me, was extremely impressive. His speed and skill were backed up by terrific punching; and it would appear that he is ready to show us something of his true form in this country.

Strickland has always been something of an enigma over here. I have watched him working out before a big fight, and then he is certainly impressive. There is a quiet determination about him, and he approaches the job with an intelligence unusual among heavyweights. He looks, in fact, like the cool

C. B. Fry *screwed his well-known monocle into his well-known eye and fairly told V. Woodward what was what at the 75th anniversary banquet of the Football Association, held last week at the Holborn Restaurant. At other times, Fry tells what is what in the "Evening Standard"*

Adones of the Snow *at the Arosa ball at the Savoy last week were David Zog, of the Arosa Ski-school, and Fritz Barmettler, instructor at the Tschuggen hotel. The ball included yodellers, a film, dress-shows of 1938-39 snow fashions*

held their sports last week-end at the Iffley was taken of R. J. Ridout (Farnham and of the 440 yards in 51·4 seconds, beat-University College) by inches. The out-was Norwegian Siversten's discus-throwing

***Cambridge University** beat Richmond at the Athletic Ground by six points to three, but did not cross their opponent's line once, scoring with two penalty goals. It was therefore a moral victory for the home side, who set the pace throughout in a game watched by a hearteningly big crowd. It was Cambridge's second visit to town this term. Here a university forward falls ineffectually on the ball, which R. G. S. Brooke, a large member of the Richmond scrummage, is dribbling*

and calculating killer in the ring. And he can hit hard enough, as he showed when he beat Baerlund, to vindicate that impression. He has some very good performances to his credit, and I find it difficult to understand why he has not climbed higher in the pugilistic tree.

If Jack Doyle returns to this country, as it appears likely that he will do, Strickland would be an admirable opponent for him.

THIS department, by the way, may perhaps permit itself a sly chuckle to-day. What did we give you for the Cesarewitch? Why, Contrevent, to be sure. This is the third tip which has appeared in this respectable column, and it concludes the hat-trick, for all three have been winners. And what does it prove? The less you know about racing, the better the tipster you are likely to be.

I now propose to rest on my laurels, at any rate, before you ask me how it is done.

Incidentally, some action will have to be taken about the handicapping system. It is generally felt that these French horses ought to carry top weight, unless they have run a stipulated number of races over here.

At present the handicappers are powerless.

AFTER the excitements of Newmarket, I went to the seventy-fifth anniversary banquet of the Football Association—a great occasion worthily celebrated.

I never saw so many illustrious devotees of sport gathered in one place. Representatives of twenty-four nations were there. Speeches went on till midnight, Gracie Fields sang, and a good time was had by all.

A FINAL note about Harold Larwood's retirement. It is sad indeed that the last years of this remarkable fast bowler's career should have been shadowed by misfortune and controversy.

Larwood was a great cricketer. And if we shall always argue about his relative speed—was he, for example, faster than Kortwright?—at least we shall agree that he was probably by far the most accurate fast bowler who ever lived. And that wonderful action of his will remain enshrined in our memories as the perfection of smooth, purposeful application of power.

***Friends who met** for the eleventh time this season were C. E. M. Jones and Murray Deloford, in the final of the Surrey covered courts championship at Dulwich, which Jones won. He has won seven of the eleven meetings, Deloford four*

***Girls who met** in the final at Dulwich were Rosemary Thomas, who holds the cup she won, and Mary Whitmarsh, who holds the mascot that failed her. Miss Thomas, ex-Junior Champion, has recently been giant-killing among her elders*

***Daughter for a cricketer:** the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Ingle was born a month ago, at the end of the cricket season. Her father has been captain of the Somerset County Cricket XI. since 1932; he married at Corston, near Bath, in 1936*

Out of Doors in the October Sunshine

Flying *is one of Ralph Richardson's spare-time pleasures. He is a good pilot, owns a Gipsy Moth, keeps it at Hatfield. He may fly to the Sudan when "The Four Feathers" is filmed there. (His part is John Durrance in A. E. W. Mason's story.) He also fishes, plays golf and squash*

Newmarket Sales *were attended by Mr. James de Rothschild and the Duchess of Norfolk, among others. Top price—8100 guineas—was paid by Lord Glanely for J. P. Hornung's two-year-old Seaway*

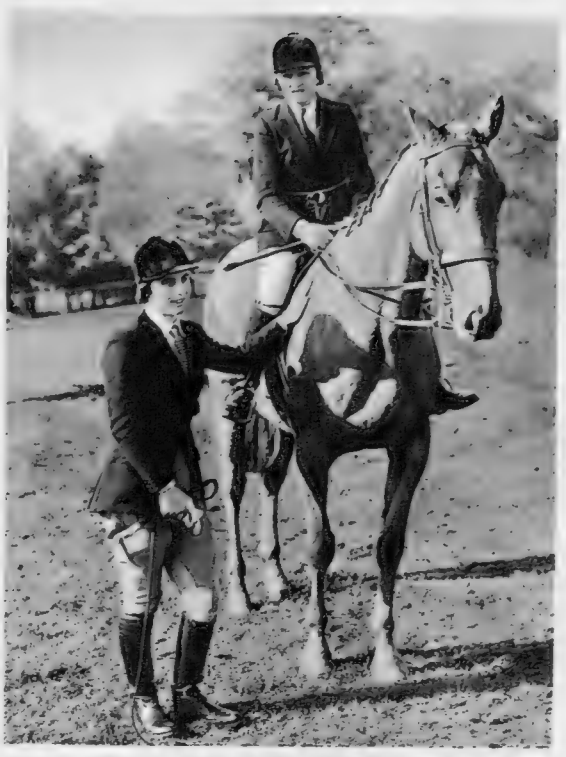
Striped flannel trousers, *shirt-collar overlapping a sweater, and "co-respondent" shoes: golf dress of Miss Sheila Gibbs in the Worplesdon mixed foursomes*

Shooting *at Sennowe Park, in Norfolk, was Lord Walpole (right), when the Golden Retriever Club trials were held there last week. His own place is Wolterton Park, near Norwich. Talking to him is Lady Cook, wife of the host, Sir Thomas Cook, M.P. On the left is Captain H. F. H. Hardy, one of the judges*

Judging *at the Sennowe Park trials were Sir Hugh Ripley, who lives in Yorkshire—at Bolton Hall—and Sir Giles Sebright, whose place is Beechwood Park, St. Albans*

Striped flannel trousers, *shirt-collar overlapping a windcheater, and "co-respondent" shoes: golf dress of Mr. J. C. Lawrie, Oxford golf captain, playing against Stoke Poges*

Showing a horse *at the Oxford University Draghounds hunter trials was Lord Vaughan, the Earl of Lisburne's son, who is up at Magdalen. His sister, Lady Honor Vaughan, was there to watch*



Showing horses *at the same event, held at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester, were Miss Virginia Brand and Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy. Both the Brand sisters (for Diana, see below) were competing in the ladies' and local hunts' classes*

Audience and competitors *at the Oxford University Draghounds hunter trials consisted of undergraduates, parents, friends, and pillars of the local hunts. In this group are the Hon. John Jacob Astor, his father, Lord Astor, Mr. R. Shaw, Miss Virginia Brand, Lady Astor, Miss Diana Brand, Mr. T. Holland-Martin, Mr. T. Clyde, and Miss Elizabeth Wellesley*

Flying for Comfort

By Charles Ward

A group at Croydon, including Le Corbusier, distinguished French architect, second from the right, and Roger Maury, the Air France pilot who flew him from Paris. Clive Entwistle, English collaborator, and Arundel Clarke are there to meet him

By "Ensign" to Paris

THE London Terminal Airport has grown accustomed to "Ensign" and two others of the same class are due for delivery to Imperial Airways almost immediately. "Ensign" is to be flown on the Paris route for a few weeks before taking over part of the Empire section between Croydon and Karachi. Mail loads are of such proportions nowadays that very few passengers can be accommodated on the flying-boats, and this state of affairs is likely to persist until still larger aircraft are available. The same standard of comfort has been attained with the Armstrong Whitworth land-planes as in the Short boats. There are the same adjustable arm-chairs to cater for the long or short, the alert or the sleepy ones. Smoking compartment and promenade are almost identical. The structure of the cabin is a monocoque of aluminium alloy, with no internal bracing struts or wires to interfere with vision and movement. Cruising speed on schedule is estimated at 150 miles an hour, more than half as fast again as that of the "Heracles" type to be replaced.

South and West

THE policy laid down by British Airways and approved by the Air Ministry that American aircraft should be purchased until such time as the home manufacturer could supply an equivalent article has been fully justified. The Lockheeds have found favour on their own merits, quite apart from the fact that the Company's services could not have been developed to the present stage with the domestic product. This, of course, casts no reflection on British aircraft—the fast types of medium size were not in production. The Lockheed "14" in which the Prime Minister flew to Munich completed a round trip to Lisbon in record time, the return half of 1050 miles taking 4¾ hours. The journey was made to finalise agreements for the first stage of our route to South America. The Hon. Clive Pearson, chairman of the Company, Major J. R. McCrindle, managing director, and Mr. A. C. Campbell-Orde, operational manager, travelled as passengers.

Weight and Speed

AIR Ministry orders for new land-planes and flying-boats from Short Brothers are on an ascending scale for both weight and speed. Thirty tons is the lower limit, and a speed of 250 miles an hour cruising is specified. Aircraft performance still depends on the absolute power of the engine when it is a matter of lifting a commercial load. Bristols have developed the "Hercules," which gives a maximum power approaching 1400 horse-power, and four engines are to be installed in the new liners. Two of the land-planes are designed for commercial operation at 10,000 feet, carrying eighteen passengers and 3000 pounds of mail and general cargo over a distance of 3000 miles non-stop. The third will be a sealed cabin "stratosphere" type, similar in function to the Italian 'plane which has recently captured the world's record for altitude. "Hercules" is a sleeve-valve engine, notable for simplicity of working parts and fuel economy. Imperial Airways has tested the "Perseus" for several years and the de H. monoplane "95" is using two of them as its power plant. The eight flying-boats under construction at Rochester are of the same size as the "Empire" boats, but they carry an additional load of 5½ tons, mainly due to the increased efficiency of the sleeve-valve "Hercules." But to return to the statement at the beginning of this paragraph, engine power determines the commercial load of an aircraft. Without assisted take-off, such as that provided in the Mayo scheme, or refuelling in the air, there is a limit beyond which it is unsafe to load a 'plane, not for flying conditions but for getting off the land or water. After engines have been in service for some time they are liable to become de-rated, and after every C. of A., an aircraft loses a little of its pay-load, so that performance suffers, both in speed and weight carried.

We have bigger and better liners for British air routes. An impression of the size of "Ensign," latest addition to Imperial Airways' fleet, can be gained from this view of passengers entering and members of the staff standing by

Air Defence

THERE is a unit for anyone sufficiently interested in air defence, from the Cadet Corps for boys between fourteen and eighteen to the Balloon Barrage for men up to fifty. The Air Cadet Corps is administered by the Air League and aims at founding squadrons in all of the centres of population. It offers an easy method of approach to the R.A.F. and its auxiliary services for boys who are keen on aviation, but who have not taken up the Service as a career. It is essentially a defence organisation which would be valuable in time of emergency. The same applies to the Balloon Barrage and to the Air Guard scheme, though the latter has a more general appeal, in that pilots so trained can proceed to commercial flying if they have enough money to pay for the full course. Men, women and boys are still needed in considerable numbers to aid in air defence; for aircraft production and for flying duties—for anti-aircraft battalions and A.R.P. The former concern the Air Ministry and Admiralty—the latter, the War Office and Home Office.

It's often impossible

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Goodwood, Beaconsfield, Camberley: By Eleanor E. Helme

AUTUMN golf, from the purely spectatorial point of view, can be some of the best of the whole year. You need not have the gardens of Worplesdon to find colour; on the downs there are spindle trees and hawthorn bushes; beeches and chestnuts fringe the park courses with flaming orange; on the heaths the rough takes on a vivid yellow, and there are depths amongst the pines and birches from whence any of the Seven Dwarfs might emerge at any moment. Sometimes the leaves dance on the greens until you might believe them put there by Walt Disney himself, but on the whole October days are peaceful ones, and it is difficult to feel entirely fierce over the results.

It was in that serene sort of mood that I found myself at Goodwood, a delightful down course if ever there was one, though strenuous enough. With four rounds, and strokes to give as well, you may believe that Worthing are a good, tough team to come through the Sussex inter-club handicap foursomes there, three couples a side.

Miss Lake and Mrs. Grant White, as first string, were giving strokes and looked in some danger of defeat from the Pyecombe pair, Mrs. Cleary and Mrs. Norman, in the semi-final, but they came up with a rush at the finish, to win 3 and 1; Miss Pockett and Mrs. Graham supported them in second place, and Mrs. Hiller and Miss Downes—the latter talked of as a coming Sussex hope—just got home at the nineteenth.

That was one semi-final. In the other Cooden Beach had an even more desperate time giving packets of strokes to Piltdown, but they did it, by the odd match.

Then Worthing set upon them in the final, and having won their top match by 5 and 3 and their second by 3 and 2, could afford to lose the last by 5 and 4. Miss Lake and Mrs. Grant White's short game was just as good as it was a fortnight earlier at Ranelagh, and though Miss Jennings and Mrs. de Winton had good moments against them, Mrs. de Winton this year has only played something like one round of golf for every three winners she has ridden in gymkhanas and what-nots, which is quite sufficient reason for a few loose shots.

AFTER Goodwood, away to the Medical Meeting at Beaconsfield, on another lovely day. Most of the regular stalwarts who win the Wilton Shield for that Association were not to be seen there; those that were did not perform very convincingly, though Mrs. Cavendish Fuller seemed to have most things within easy grasp until the seventeenth, when she took a figure which only just misses being unmentionable, and so threw the scratch aggregate to Mrs. Guedalla and the scratch prize of the day to Miss G. S. Pearson, a Hampstead member who looks like being good. She tied with Miss Townend, a familiar name in BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes, at 85; and Mrs. McGrath, Mrs. Isaac Jones, and Mrs. Mortimer Woolf were the other chief prizewinners.

Medical L.G.A. Meeting

Miss G. S. Pearson, of Hampstead, brought her dog Beau with her to Beaconsfield, and took home the first division scratch prize. With her are Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Jack Burn, captain of the Medical L.G.A., and Mrs. Rowbotham

MRS. (BRIGADIER-GENERAL) CRITCHLEY really is in cracking form this autumn. She and Leonard Crawley—who came to each other's rescue when left partnerless in the Mount Vernon Hospital Cup—played really outstanding golf at Moor Park, and so she did by herself for the last eight holes of the Surrey Autumn Meeting at Camberley Heath.

She took these in 30, otherwise two under fours, and with a five at the tenth and 40 out, nipped the scratch prize from under the noses of Mrs. A. D. Stocks and Miss Jean Hamilton, whose 76 each had been turning grey the heads of the management by multiplicity of ties. In that 30 there was not the suspicion of a fluke or even a bit of luck—in fact, the approach putts persistently looked at the hole and came away again.

It was a foggy morning, so that players who had been groping their way by road arrived with strained eyes, and had every excuse for not judging the distances, already made puzzling by the misty light. The scratch score of the course may be 73, but there does not seem very much amiss with 75, two 76's, 77 and 79, which were the efforts of Mrs. Critchley, Mrs. Stocks and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Mrs. Morel. Mrs. Stocks, having taken second scratch prize, was ineligible for the first handicap, so that went to Mrs. Geoffrey Hicks, 73; her namesake, Mrs. S. V., won the tie for second handicap; Miss Hamilton won the scratch aggregate; Mrs. Stocks the handicap aggregate, and also, with Mrs. Neilson, the partners' best ball. There ought to have been a special consolation prize for Mrs. Morel, who tied for the second handicap and the handicap aggregate, and lost both. The fog meant that no foursomes were possible, and folk hurried home in front of it, thankful that it was the last county meeting of the year, and praying for just one more fine—and fogless—day for the *Star* finals.

HOW Camberley Heath *v.* Berkshire, and Worplesdon *v.* Rochester and Cobham fare in that grand finale of the autumn season must wait to be told next week. Perhaps it might be recorded now, lest in the telling of doughty deeds the sentiment is crowded out then, that golfers are not always the self-centred creatures some people would have us believe. There is more keenness over the *Star* inter-club scratch tournament than over all the open meetings of the year put together, and players will swallow a personal defeat cheerfully if only the side can win. Any unbeliever should be taken to Wentworth to see for himself—or herself.

Sussex Inter-Club Foursomes at Goodwood — Winners and Runners-up

Worthing won the Sussex inter-club foursomes by beating Pyecombe in the semi-finals, Cooden Beach in the finals. Their three pairs were Mrs. Graham, Miss Lake, Miss Downes, Mrs. Hiller, Mrs. Grant White, Miss Pockett

The runners-up at Goodwood were Cooden Beach, who beat Piltdown in the semi-finals. Mrs. Cronk, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Arnold, Mrs. de Winton, Miss Jennings and Miss Powell represented their club. They lost the final by 2 matches to 1

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

n creating his winter ollection, Paquin (39, Dover Street) has dis- layed extreme versatility. lis new silhouette for 939 is buoyantly youth- ul and shows a slender nd well-defined waistline. Day dresses are cut with ride, flaring skirts, raised houlders and rather laborate sleeves. Longer ackets, fastening with as nany as eight and ten buttons, impart a more feminine air to tailor- mades, while a feeling of luxury dominates the whole collection. Fur is lavishly introduced on many ensembles, including the model on the right. This is carried out in two shades of velour, black and royal blue. The coat, with its contrasting panel, is enriched with natural black fox, and fits closely round the hips. It is worn over a plain black chiffon blouse, attractively shirred and trimmed with amusing glass buttons. For evening Paquin is showing a charm- ing group of Spanish gypsy dresses in black broad- cloth, with full, swinging skirts. One of these is trimmed with bunches of gaily coloured velvet flowers, and is worn with a thoroughly hilarious head-dress composed of wheat and wild flowers

Flowers and Feathers

Though hats this winter are, if anything, more varied than usual, they are on the whole less easy to wear, as in every case they demand a perfectly groomed head. Once this is achieved, however, every woman can choose her hats with confidence, and a firm conviction that nothing will add more cachet to her appearance. The charming trio on this page come from Gorringe's, in Buckingham Palace Road. Pink ostrich feathers and masses of clouded veiling add distinction to the high-crowned model above on the left. It is made in black felt, and is exceptionally becoming to anyone with piled-up hair and a graceful carriage. Trimmings this year are essentially feminine, not to say fussy. Veils are drawn tightly over the face, while nodding ostrich plumes remind one of the gay 'nineties

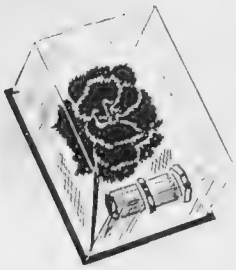
Another point to remember when choosing a new hat is to suit one's type. Certain faces demand a picturesque style of dressing, while others call for something smart and unusual. A woman with small features and a vivacious personality can usually carry off a rather "naughty" hat, whereas her less flippant and more dignified sister would merely look absurd. There is something gay and unrestrained about the purple pill-box hat on the right above, with dyed cocks'-feathers cascading over the crown, and veiling covering the face. It is young, smart and very original. Below it is another version of a similar type of hat in black felt, trimmed with velvet orchids in brilliant shades of green, blue and purple. It perches at a frivolous angle, and would be the making of any plain dress

Scott Bushe

the bystander turns Fashion

DISCOVERED BY PETA
PICTURED BY PAM

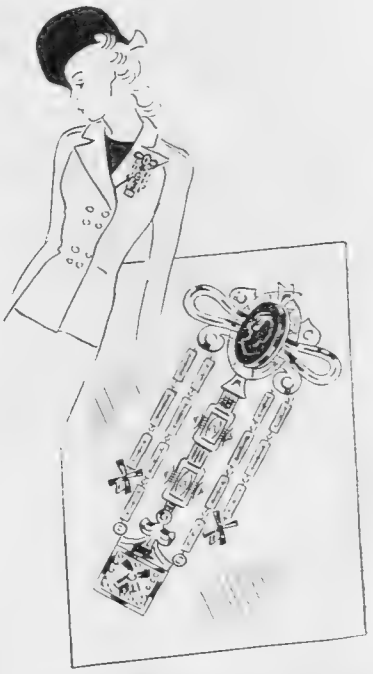
in search of



Harmonise your colours, says Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, and be sure to see that your lipstick matches your buttonhole. To make this easy, she has evolved this beauty gadget, a transparent box containing a feather flower and a lipstick the same shade. They are made up in all the newest colours and only cost 17/6 the set

The latest type of Elizabeth Arden handbag is designed to look like an ostrich-feather fan. In between the fluttering plumes is hidden a satin purse containing lipstick and powder. It can be carried on the arm when dancing, and is obtainable from the Bond Street salons in a variety of colours, including cyclamen, emerald, and flame

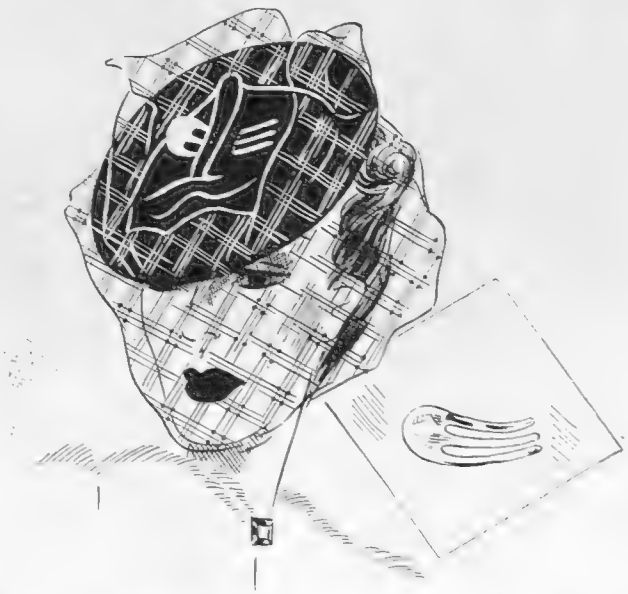
You can brighten up a plain suit considerably by wearing a coloured scarf. This one, printed with playing-cards and coloured counters, costs 16/6 at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is made of tie silk, and is available with either a red or yellow ground



Gilt chatelaines with old seals and various other ornaments are being worn on breast pockets and coat lapels instead of the usual fob or buttonhole. This one was sketched at Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street, and costs 15/6. We liked the idea of an old-fashioned cameo

There is something essentially Edwardian about a feather toque and muff, and Fenwick's are showing some charming sets, including this one in hazel hens' feathers

Capes are extraordinarily becoming, particularly to anyone who is tall and slight. Marshall and Snelgrove have them knitted in brushed wool for 29/6. Some are plain and others are worked in two-colour effects, like the model sketched. They are warm and very useful for wearing with an odd tweed skirt



The difficulty of securing a rather shallow hat on the top of an Edwardian coiffure has been solved by Fenwick's, who are selling hats with patent combs. These are slightly curved, and when slotted through the crown catch the hair. The effect is miraculous, and infinitely more becoming than an elastic. The hat sketched only costs 29/6 complete with comb

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A Nuvolari Corner

A crowd of 61,000 saw Tazio Nuvolari win the Donington Grand Prix for Auto-Union. The Italian driver who, at forty-eight, has no peer in the road-racing world, cornered throughout in his most finished style. Not least, however, in contributing to his success was the feat of his pit — three mechanics changed four wheels and filled up in thirty-five seconds

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

LOOKING back on the Donington Grand Prix, it seems to me that Nuvolari and Fred Craner share the honours about equally. The former, in winning so cleverly for Auto-Union and thus defending the late Berndt Rosemeyer's title, showed us that, although a veteran, he is still the greatest driver of them all, while the latter reaffirmed his ability to stage Britain's greatest-ever motor race flawlessly.

There have been times—I admit it—when I have felt that even if the most marvellous race imaginable were put on, only a comparatively small crowd, judged by Continental standards, would be attracted to view it. It was particularly pleasing to me at the Grand Prix to discover how completely wrong I had been in that dismal belief. The G.P. certainly—and deservedly—did get the crowds, and my personal estimate of the "gate" is a minimum of 60,000 thrilled spectators.

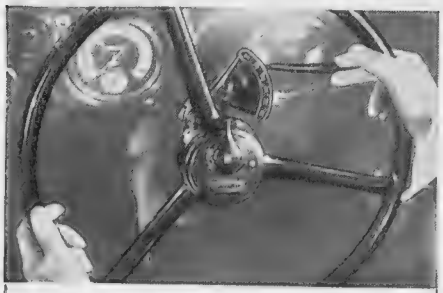
The crazy gyrations which followed after the Alta had spilled the oil was by far the most breath-taking incident ever seen in a race in the British Isles. Indeed, the 1938 Donington Grand Prix "had everything." Perfect weather, a tip-top entry, high speeds, thrills galore, no casualties, and a close finish—and, perhaps most important of all, a display of interest by a member of the Royal Family. After last year's race I feared that we should never see another one to equal it. This year's race easily eclipsed it. What of 1939?

GEORGE EYSTON, arriving back from America on the eve of the Motor Show, naturally became fair prey for each and every firm, society or club holding a function that week. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I kept bumping into him. I heard him make a number of speeches at these various affairs, and each time he impressed me with the improvement which has taken place in his oratorical equipment. It must be terribly hard to vary your numerous accounts of one single enterprise, yet Eyston managed to do it so well that I never heard him speak without learning something new.

Perhaps his most interesting observation of all was that which he made at the Armstrong-Siddeley luncheon, when he told us that when attacking long-distance records at Bonneville in "Speed of the Wind," centrifugal force was so great at 175 m.p.h. that *although the course used was a ten-miles circle* all the stresses were thrown on the car at an angle of twenty degrees, and the driver was permanently pressed against the side of the cockpit unable to heave himself up. Captain Eyston also remarked that "Thunderbolt" had now covered the measured mile at more than 300 m.p.h. at least one dozen times.

LAST week I referred to the forthcoming Veteran Car Run on Sunday fortnight (20th), and I understand that a considerable number of entries for that event have already been received by the Royal Automobile Club. Many of these veterans participate

(*Concluded on page* iv)



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Roomy is more than a sales-phrase here — it's a ***fact.*** *There's head-room, elbow-room* ***and*** *leg-room in the back. In the medium h.p. class, it's a* ***big car.***

Big, roomy — but very light for the power its engine develops. Hence the snap in this Lanchester's performance. Lively get-away in traffic — effortless 70 in the open.

It's the only car that offers this choice — Daimler Fluid Flywheel and pre-selective self-changing gearbox, or synchro-mesh box and ordinary type of clutch. The best of the self-changing transmissions — or the best of the hand-changed! And in many other ways it gives you the best of both worlds — the comfort of soft springing with a super-sports car's stability — the benefit of body space with the vim of light loading — the grace of low, slick modern lines with ultra-wide vision for safe, strainless driving. *There isn't much you'd like in a car that you won't find in a Lanchester.*

Velvety when you're losing speed at your leisure — hard when you need them hard: these brakes spell Safety — and spell it e-a-s-y or **STOP** *as occasion demands.*

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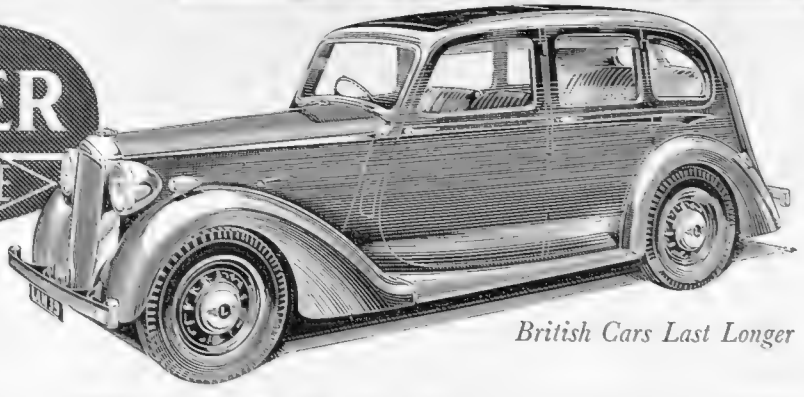

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Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page ii)*

year after year, and amongst the hardy old-stagers familiar to the thousands of spectators who annually line the route to Brighton will be an 1897 Leon Bollee, which has taken part in this event for the last seven years; an 1898 Beeston Tricycle, a model similar to that which took part in the original run in 1896; an 1898 Daimler with a luxurious eight-seater saloon body; an 1898 De Dion Tricycle, complete with pedals to assist hill-climbing; and a 1901 Benz which is thought to be the only twin-cylinder model of this make in existence with a belt, chain, and gear-box drive.

Amongst the cars competing this year for the first time is a Stanley-Locomobile, manufactured in 1899, having a two-cylinder, double-acting engine, a boiler with 360 half-inch fire tubes, and a working pressure of 150 lb. per square inch. This car lay derelict in a shed near Oxford for thirty years before being rescued. Another interesting newcomer is a 1904 Minerva with a 5 h.p. single-cylinder engine and a clutch coupled to the throttle to prevent the engine racing when the clutch is disengaged.

Year after year the road from London to Brighton is lined the whole way with enthusiastic onlookers, and it must be admitted that the crowd has plenty to keep it amused, for these quaint old cars are really well worth looking at, whether on the move or—as is distressingly often the case—stationary through some "technical hitch." I recommend *you* to turn out on the morning of Sunday, November 20th, and watch this incredible procession make its daring onslaught on Brixton Hill or Crawley Hill.

"Wind Hush" Wolseleys

Mr. Hess here refers to the new refinement in coachwork introduced by Wolseley Motors—the deflection of wind from flared body pillars, which much reduces the noise. This model in the foreground is a new 18-85 saloon priced at £325

CONSISTENT readers of the BYSTANDER will know that I have not infrequently criticised modern cars for the designers' lack of attention to the subject of wind-noise. While such obvious pains are expended on silencing transmission and engine factions, it has long baffled me why such scant attention is paid to the irritating noise which results from imperfect aerodynamics on the body and chassis.

Now comes the welcome news that on the new Wolseleys this item has been accorded the attention it deserves. This has been effected quite simply by flaring the body pillars and so deflecting the air stream away from the car. With that innate sense of word-dramatisation which the motor trade seems to share with the cinematograph trade, the Wolseley people have named this very logical development "Wind Hush" coachwork.

THE Road Racing Club announces that it has applied to the R.A.C. for the following dates to be inscribed on the International Calendar for 1939:

April 15th	..	Third Coronation Trophy.
May 20th	..	Third Sydenham Trophy.
July 1st	..	Third Crystal Palace Cup.
August 12th	..	Third Imperial Trophy.
October 7th	..	Third London Grand Prix.

At the moment, it is the Club's intention to restrict its activities to cars alone, and instead of the side-car races which have been promoted as interval events, sports cars will receive a greater amount of attention.

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There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery. At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

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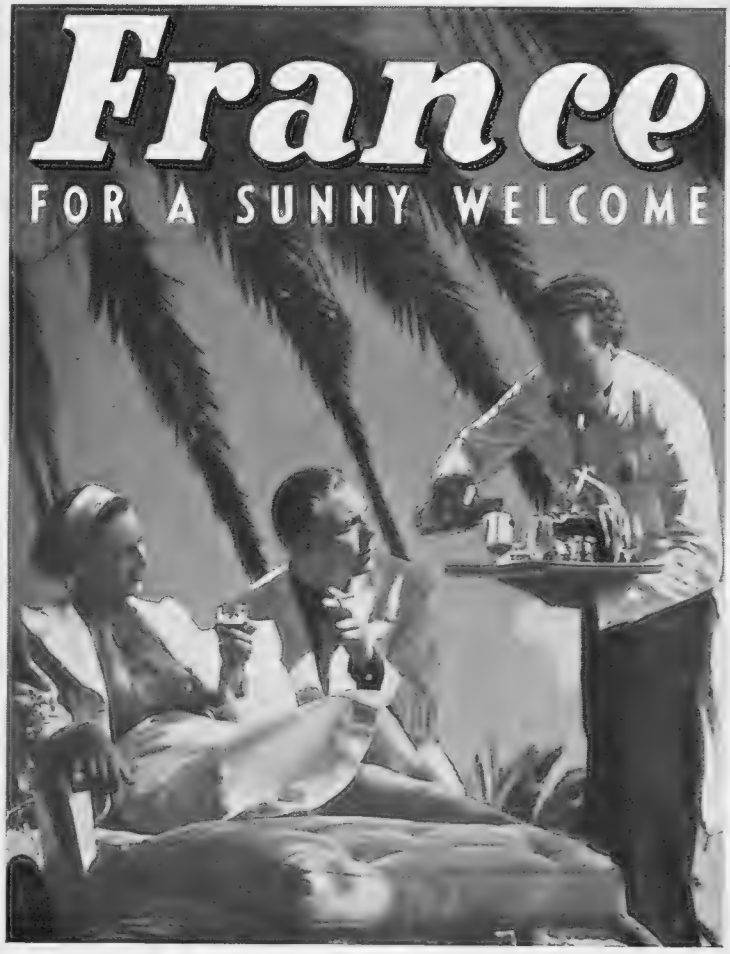

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CVS—46

Ghost for Hire !

(Continued from page 176)

to sleep in the Peacock Room at this empty place, 'Winterways,' only I shan't sleep, I shall be too busy keeping one eye open for the ghost. Well, all you do is provide a patrol, see ? "

"'A—a patrol ?'"

"A bloke to keep on guard inside the house to make sure no one gets in to play any monkey-tricks. Then if there 's a ghost I shall know it 's a real one. And listen—if you show up a fake ghost around the place, I 'll double your fees. There ! That ought to put you on your mettle ! "

He leaned back and looked from one to the other of us.

"Well, is it a go ? " he demanded.

I could make no articulate sounds. But I knew that Arthur would refuse, of course. The position would be impossible.

Arthur smoothed his wavy hair with a composed hand.

"We 'll do it, Mr. Crown," he said simply.

When our client had steamed out, I told Arthur the plain truth. It seemed best that he should know.

"Arthur," I said, "you're mad ! I 'm sorry to have to say it, but you have taken leave of your senses. Such," I added, "as they were."

"Nonsense ! " said Arthur. "Nonsense ! Would you have me turn away a client in need—complete with fee ? "

"We shall soon have no clients at all," I returned. "There will be no firm of Splender and Coote for them to come to. Do you realise what you have landed us in for ? We are contracted to supply a ghost—a fake ghost—and to supply also a patrol to see that no fake ghost is supplied. How on earth do you suppose we can do both ? "

"Simple, my dear Lionel ; simple. You can be the ghost. I will be the patrol."

"And if we are found out ? "

"Unusual Confidential Services Bureau," replied Arthur formally, "is deterred by no risks, however grave."

His foolhardy recklessness appalled me.

"But do you realise," I said urgently, "that you are jeopardising the whole future of our new venture, the whole future of Splender and Coote, the whole future of Unusual Confidential Services Bureau, the whole future of you and me ? "

"We of the Unusual Confidential Services Bureau," rejoined Arthur in the same formal tone, "are willing—and I may say, happy—yes, I may say happy—to jeopardise anything in the interests of our clients' welfare. Allow me to hand you," he continued, doing so, "our small brochure setting forth our aims and ideals. Maximum service—danger no object — absolute discretion — fees moderate. Perhaps you will be good enough to look it through in a leisure moment. Thank you."

I flung the brochure down.

"Arthur ! " I cried vehemently. "Arthur ! This is madness ! It is more—it is insanity ! "

Arthur looked at me dreamily, his chin on his hand.

"Lionel," he remarked thoughtfully, as though quite unaware that I was practically dancing with emotion in front of the desk, "you will make a winsome, sweet ghost, with your slender, girlish figure. And the butter-muslin will hide your face—an added charm. Yes, yes, completely hidden beneath flowing waves of butter-muslin you will be more beautiful than you have ever been. I can see you floating through the Peacock Room at 'Winterways' like an ethereal what-is-it. Have you got any running shoes ? And we must fetch out our best face-hedge from the disguise box as an extra precaution for you."

Friday night came—an ideal night for haunting empty houses, if one cares for that sort of thing. A silver half-moon was floodlighting the grey stone bulk of "Winterways" to the best of its ability. The air was still and frosty, with that rather thrilling feeling of imminent snow. Distorted shadows of cedars and deciduous trees lay across the pale lawns. The great house was silent. It was the sort of night when it is easy to believe in ghosts.

Arthur had seen to everything, and I was waiting, alone, in a cupboard in one of the big, empty bedrooms, my limbs growing colder and colder, and my heart sinking lower and lower. A face had appeared once and whispered to me that George Crown was in bed, with a hot-water bottle, in the Peacock Room. I think Arthur might have omitted to mention the hot-water bottle—it awoke my worst instincts, and I began to realise how easy it would be for a frost-maddened man to commit murder for such a bait. From these morbid thoughts I was aroused at last by the heavy strokes of a bell—the church clock striking twelve. My signal.

Feeling nervous, having had no experience of haunting, I glided out of my cupboard, glided along a passage, softly turned the knob of a door, hesitated whilst sudden panic gripped my throat, then forced myself to glide into the room.

The effect was instantaneous. Through the eyeholes in my draperies I saw a bed, faintly moonlit, and as I looked at it a figure sat up in it, staring at me with completely circular eyes.

"By gum ! " I heard it breathe in an awed voice. "By gum ! By gum ! By gum ! "

Encouraged by success, I glided across to the window and hopped up on to the broad window-board in as floating a manner as possible.

"Phew ! " I heard from the bed. "By gum ! Phew ! By gum ! "

I floated down again, and only just repressed a squeal of acute agony, for by an error of judgment I had floated down mainly on to one toe. I began to glide back to the open door, limping but exultant.

Then suddenly I stopped, and it was as though a pair of ice-cold hands came from nowhere, closed round my heart and wrung it out like a dish-cloth. For standing in the doorway I beheld a white form. It hesitated an instant, then came gliding straight towards me.

I let out a yell which must have jarred some of the roof tiles, and made a dive for George Crown. When my frantic hands clawed round his shoulders for comfort, he let out a still larger yell.

"The ghost ! " I cried. "The real ghost ! "

Two pieces of ice, placed together, will freeze into a single solid mass. After the first shock, that was what happened to George Crown and me. He clung to me, on the bed, with a grip of terror which nearly strangled me, and I learned later that I did as much for him. Entwined in frozen horror, we saw the white form glide to the window, float up on to the window-board, and float along it. Then it vanished. It floated into nothingness, leaving us listening to the frantic beating of our hearts for what seemed an age.

Then I found my voice and cried, "Help ! Help ! Help ! "

Arthur came running in.

"What 's this ? "

"Nab him ! " cried George Crown, as I wriggled free. "Nab him ! "

I made a bolt for the door, expecting Arthur to make way for my escape. Instead, his arms wound round me, he squeezed out my little remaining breath, and then deliberately tore off my white robes. It was fortunate indeed that I was wearing a wig and large quantities of beard.

"Hullo ! " said Arthur grimly. "An impostor ! Mr. Crown, this bearded rascal is no ghost ! Look at him ! See these white veils ! It 's a put-up job ! "

The fool was betraying our own plan ! I could have punched his silly head if my arms had been free. I struggled violently, found myself at liberty, and shot out of the doorway like a firework. Three minutes later I was roaring up the moonlit drive on our motor-cycle, calling Arthur all the names I could think of. I continued to think of fresh ones all the way back to our London flat.

Arthur turned up, undismayed and even incredibly cheerful, next morning. He had left Mr. George Crown to go home and had spent the night himself in the Peacock Room at "Winterways."

"There was a first-class hot-water bottle in the bed," he commented, quite as though nothing out of the way had happened.

"Arthur," I said, "besides doing your best to spoil everything by exposing our haunting plan, do you mean to say you slept in that room ? I wouldn't do it for a fortune ! There *is* a ghost that comes there — I saw it ! "

"So did George Crown," remarked Arthur, with curious satisfaction. "Has it struck you that a ghost which scares the wits—however few—out of a counterfeit ghost will be extremely convincing to a man who witnesses the process ? "

I jumped up from the breakfast table.

"Arthur ! Do you mean——"

"Shush ! " said Arthur. "You have upset the marmalade. Sir Ebenezer required a ghost that would satisfy George Crown. George Crown required a ghost that would satisfy himself. George Crown was also willing to pay double fees if a fake ghost was exposed. Obviously, all three requirements had to be met. I have obtained," he added, pulling out his wallet, "a fee from Sir Ebenezer for successful haunting, a fee from George Crown for successful patrolling, and the additional fee, which I pointed out to him I had earned, for exposing an impostor—who, unfortunately, got away. Sir Ebenezer, after I had had a word with him, openly admitted to George Crown that he had tried to fake things, and apologised. George Crown accepted the explanation and apology, said he quite understood, and swore there was a real ghost besides. So the house is as good as sold. And all because I happened to think of dressing up as a second ghost and making an exit through a window left conveniently ajar, on to a balcony which communicates with other windows. I knew you could be trusted for a good, convincing yell, if I didn't warn you beforehand. It is really extraordinary, Lionel, how a simple idea can bring such beneficial results all round. Do you think I could have another cup of tea ? "

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards,** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Navana

Joan Coddington

Is the only daughter of Major Hamelin Coddington, late the Willshire Regt., and Mrs. Coddington, of The Cottage, Fareham, Hants., and is engaged to H. I. P. Gompertz, R.A., eldest son of the late Colonel A. V. Gompertz and Mrs. B. E. Gompertz, of Dafforne, Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

Lenare

Joan Blanche Hill

Is the second daughter of Major-Gen. L. R. Hill, O.B.E., and Mrs. Hill, of St. Leonard's, West Malling, Kent; she is to marry, on December 14th, at West Malling, Captain Lancelot Townley Grove, R.E., son of Col. and Mrs. P. L. Grove, of Downside, Tenterden

Cannons of Hollywood

Margaret Manning Crotty

Is the elder daughter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Crotty and Mrs. Crotty, of 31, Gordon Square, W.C.1; her fiancé is the Rev. Cecil Edward Welch, Vicar of St. Pancras, son of the late Rev. S. B. Welch and Mrs. Welch, of 97, Osbaldston Road, N.16

Cannons of Hollywood

Hilary Eaves

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Eaves, of Greville Lodge, Edgbaston, Birmingham, and is engaged to J. Burke Knapp, elder son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Joseph B. Knapp, of Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

Catherine Bell

Joyce Sybil Norbury

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Norbury, of 19, Harley Street, W.1, and is engaged to Dr. Nicholas Henry Martin, second son of Dr. and the late Mrs. William Martin, of Newcastle-on-Tyne

Lenare

Anne Brock

Is the elder daughter of the late Wing-Com. F. A. Brock, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Christopher Brock, of Roughway, Boxmoor, Herts.; she is engaged to Lieut. Frank Fletcher, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. R. Fletcher, of Southridge, Boxmoor

Catherine Bell

Peggy Crousaz

Is the daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. G. Crousaz, of 33, Burgh Heath Road, Epsom; she is engaged to Edward Kenneth Lumley, of the Colonial Administration Service, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lumley, of Ardeevin, Knowle, Warwickshire

Pearl Freeman

Miriam Lampen

Is the daughter of Canon and Mrs. H. D. Lampen, of Toppesfield Rectory, Essex, and is engaged to Lieutenant David Franks Townsend, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Townsend, of The Red House, Castletownshend, Cork

Navana

Yvonne Kennedy

Is engaged to P. A. Rogerson, younger son of the late W. E. Rogerson and Mrs. Rogerson, of 43, Lowndes Sq., S.W.1; she is the elder daughter of Mr. J. F. Kennedy and Mrs. Bertram Morgan, of 17, De Vere Gdns., W.8

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Broomhead

Barbara Helen Mary Broomhead, only daughter of the late Captain Broomhead and Mrs. Broomhead, of Ilex House, Starcross, Devon, is engaged to John Mostyn-Walker, only son of the late Captain H. F. Mostyn-Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Holmfield, Kingswear, Devon

Lenare

Diana Stone

Is the younger daughter of the late E. W. Stone and Mrs. Stone, of Eton College, and Bridport, Dorset; she is to marry, on December 17th, at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, David Arthur Money, eldest son of Major-Gen. Sir Arthur and Lady Money, of Hungershall Park, Tunbridge Wells

Bassano

Susan Dagnall

Margery Kathleen (Susan) Dagnall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dagnall, of Ridgemount, Weybridge, Surrey, is to marry Richard Edmund Grindle, of 17, Park Road, N.W.1, only son of the late Sir Gilbert and Lady Grindle

(Concluded on page D)

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Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Byass — Maxwell

Derek R. N. Byass, eldest son of R. C. Byass, of Newton Wyck, Farnham Common, Bucks., and Phyllis Maxwell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Maxwell, of Portland Place, W., and Warrambien, Cove, Dumbartonshire, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Hay — Nelson

Capt. Norman Malcolm Hay, Royal Signals, son of Col. and Mrs. W. N. Hay, of Hayfield, Lerwick, Shetland, and Barbara Mary Nelson, daughter of the late E. W. Nelson and Mrs. S. G. Rainsford, of 40, Kidbrooke Park Road, Greenwich, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Lovibond — Delius

Anthony Locke Lovibond and Elizabeth Ann Delius were married at Chelsea Old Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lovibond, of King's Lodge, Tadworth, Surrey, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. Steven St. Martin Delius, of Rutland House, Harrogate, Yorks.

Talbot — Townend

Capt. G. Fitzroy Talbot, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Col. G. R. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot, of Little House, Hartley Wintney, Hants., and Kathleen Betty Townend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Townend, of Horsell Dene, Woking, Surrey, were married at Horsley, Surrey

Travers — Marshall

Captain W. M. C. Travers, R.E., and Betty Marshall had a Salisbury Cathedral wedding. He is the son of Colonel and Mrs. Travers, of Barford St. Martin. She is the daughter of Mrs. Marshall, of Fairmount, Bouverie Avenue South, Salisbury

Bell — Jorgensen

Michael Bell, H.L.I., son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bell, of Broomside, Morpeth, Northumberland, and Violet Patricia Jörgensen, daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. R. Jörgensen, of Bushy Ruff House, Dover, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Ross — Ross-Bell

Captain Gerald Ross, Royal Marines, son of Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Ross, of Sandy Rise, Yateley, Hants., and Margaret Dorothy Ross-Bell, daughter of G. Ross-Bell, of Ceylon, and Mrs. T. A. Benskin, of 19, Cheyne Court, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Doble — Cowan

Lieut.-Com. Douglas Osborn Doble, R.N., and Marcella Cowan were married at Sunninghill Church. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Doble, of 4, Elm Road, Beckenham, Kent. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cowan, of Annefield, Sunningdale, Berks.

Clay — Upcott

Anthony G. H. Clay, younger son of Sir Felix and Lady Clay, of 18, Kensington Park Gardens, W., and Elizabeth Alice Upcott, daughter of Sir Gilbert Upcott, of 13, Bishopswood Road, Highgate, were married at Chelsea Old Church

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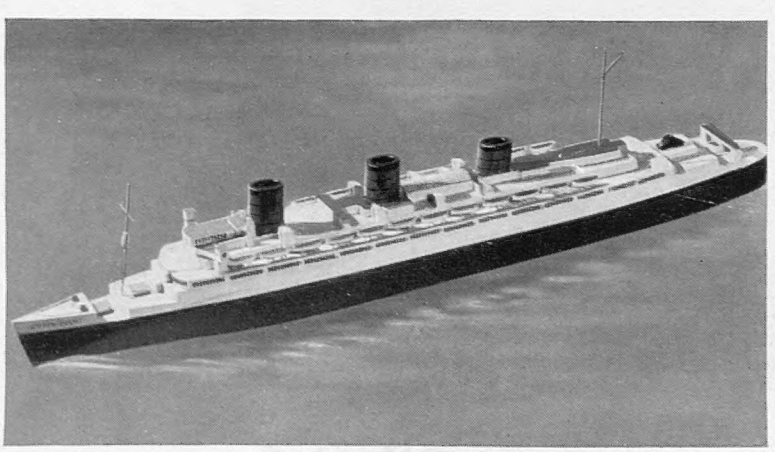

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